McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 1905. NO. 51

State Library Jan 06

CHRISTMAS AT THE STORES.

A Brief Review of What Our Advertisers Have to Offer.

HANDSOME DISPLAYS PREVALENT.

A Few Hints That May Help the Late Christmas Shoppers—Merchants Have Extra Fine Lines.

There are only two days left to do Christmas shopping and therefore those who have not made all their purchases may find a hint or some value in the brief review we give below as to what our advertisers have in stock for you. Generally speaking the stores were never prettier than they are at present time and their stocks have never been more complete than this year. Goods have been moving fast, but still there is ample to select from so that the late buyer need not necessarily suffer.

We will start with the dry goods stores of The Lindholm Company and Fry & Comes. Their regular stock is large and varied, comprising all the novelties of this line of business, to which have been added many little articles to adorn the home and please the children.

The general stores of O. C. Young, Brownell Brothers and J. Colegrove all appear in holiday attire. Mr. Young has aside from an extensive line of dry goods and groceries a large stock of toys, etc., to amuse the little ones and Brownell's store and J. Colegrove have lent their extra energies to the grocery department.

Hardware stores always have good things in store for the Christmas buyer and our local dealers are right up-to-date as usual. Holmes & Gilfillan have everything that is real hot stuff in this line from a gas heater to a blanket for a horse. Redfield has many clever gifts in cut glass and china together with the usual stock, and J. C. Hamlin handles Haviland and Japanese china and cut glass.

The drug stores have all got large stocks for Christmas. H. C. Wells has his store crowded with all the novelties from hand painted china to the smallest toys for the smallest children. McCoy's Drug Store has an unusually fine display of books, together with toilet sets, leather goods. L. K. Hogarth has confined his Christmas stock almost entirely to hand painted china, cut glass and leather goods, but this display is unusually fine.

The jewelry business is well taken care of by W. J. Kerr and M. L. Armstrong. Mr. Kerr has an extra large stock of all the pretty things in his line. And while Mr. Armstrong has not put in much extra for the holiday trade one can find good gifts at his store.

H. W. Rubin, Wm. Monheimer and George W. Shilleim take care of those needing clothing or furnishings. Mr. Rubin carries a large stock of ready-to-wear clothings, gents' furnishings and is also prominent in the merchant tailoring business. Mr. Monheimer's stock of clothing and furnishings are up-to-date in every particular. Mr. Shilleim is the exclusive merchant tailor, and one or all of them will give you perfect satisfaction.

Anderson & Carlson and H. W. Rubin each have an exclusive shoe store and each carry standard lines of shoes as well as many clever creations for the holiday trade.

Mrs. Isell's is known as the novelty store and truly her large stock of holiday goods is interesting to all shoppers just now.

The exclusive grocery stores are those of A. E. Foster & Co. and Hagberg & Sherburne, and both have an excellent stock of the choicest things befitting the time of feast and plenty.

Brasted's candies have made his name famous in this section and he is in line this year with a choice line, together with groceries and a first-class bakery.

In millinery Carrie Reilly Clark & Co. and Miss A. E. Hinman have entrancing creations, Mrs. Hinman having in connection a large stock of ladies' furnishings.

If it is to be furniture or anything in that line Specht & Susse can supply your wants with the best goods on the market.

John F. Rooney can supply the meats and poultry for the Christmas feast from the very best in the land.

Photographs are pleasing and much appreciated gifts and R. C. Gleason can supply them.

A trunk or a traveling bag is a most useful gift and Charles Lemmler always has a complete line.

At this gladsome time we must have music. C. A. Burdick is authority on the matter.

If you must resort to giving him cigars Emil Thamm will give you a good brand made by his own hands.

Strong, the plumber, is not long on Christmas gifts but he can throw light on the gifts to others.

This is not the time to think of grievous things as a home destroyed by fire so we will say nothing of W. F. Specht's insurance agency.

Should you decide to buy a horse or sleigh A. T. Palmer, E. W. Jones and E. T. Daly could find you just what you are looking for.

Let the poor dumb animal in your possession [eat as well as yourself. F. A. Green, the miller, will deliver the goods.

Of our out-of-town advertisers we will say that H. N. Prill is the leading jeweler in Bradford and nearly everybody knows his stock is equal to those found in the large cities. "Ike" Simons, the Bradford clothier, is always in the lead in his line with style, fit and good goods. Bell Brothers of Olean is generally recognized as the leading dry goods establishment in Northwestern New York and a paradise for the women.

After reading the above you will undoubtedly regret not having a suitable account to your credit with the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport. Start the new year right with an account and you will be in line next Christmas.

"Our New Minister."

Denman Thompson and Geo. W. Ryer's character comedy "Our New Minister," direct from its phenomenal 4 months New York run will be seen for the first time here at the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday, Dec. 26th. This new play promises to be as much a success as "The Old Homestead." New England life furnishes its topic; the characters are intensified, but not more than naturally required for dramatic effectiveness; the dialogue is interesting at all times and the arguments convincing; the comedy is excellent and provides plenty of amusement to brighten the quiet moments and keep an audience in an appreciative mood. The plot is laid in Hayseed, N. H., where "the rocks grow faster than the cows can pick 'em up." The advent of the new minister proves an event in the village, and when he arrives the gossips are set agog. Many of his ideas are not met with approval, but this does not deter him from doing what he thinks is right and preaching the doctrine of brotherly love. The real Yankee dialect and the real Yankee humor are there, and its Yankee flavor is pronounced and unmistakable, and with this delightful compound there is blended a tender sentiment and a genuine pathos. There is no horse play; on the contrary, every character and situation is natural, and a strong current of humanity flows through it all. The original New York star cast will appear, and a superb scenic production be shown.

Death of Mrs. Laraway.

Dora, wife of Elmer E. Laraway, died at her home in Hazelhurst on Friday last after an illness of long duration. She was aged about 43 years.

Mrs. Laraway was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Stark and was born in the vicinity of Smethport. About 21 years ago she was united in marriage to E. E. Laraway, and they have always lived in this vicinity, being residents of this place several years ago. To them were born two children, Miss Rena aged about 18 years and Horace aged about 13 years, who with their father survive to mourn the loss of a kind and loving wife and mother. She is also survived by her aged father and one sister, Mrs. Lucy Warfle, who deeply mourn the loss.

Mrs. Laraway was a true Christian having been a member of the church for a number of years. She was a woman who won many true friends by her good deeds, who will unite with her relatives in mourning her departure from this earth to eternal life.

The funeral services were held at the house at 1:30 Sunday afternoon and her remains were laid at rest in the Hazelhurst cemetery.

A Small Fire.

Smethport narrowly escaped losing one of its largest industries by fire shortly after noon last Saturday. As soon as the blowers had finished their weeks' work in the Camp window glass factory, a gang of men started to put new "floaters" in the tank. One had been heated and was being moved to the rank when in some manner it got against the dry boards and started a blaze.

An alarm of fire was turned in but owing to the fact that our fire whistle is extremely weak the firemen were slow in getting started. In the meantime several men who were working around the Camp factory and a gang from the Haines Fruit Bottle factory got the factory hose out and had subdued the flames with but little damage. The hose company did not reach the scene in time to be of any assistance.

Diamonds.

Make your selection early. We have the stock and the prices are right.

PRILL, Bradford, Pa.

These cold nights are just the time your horse needs a stable blanket. Ask your horse then see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Parker's Lucky Curve Pen with written guarantee is one of the finest Xmas presents, McCoy's Drug Store.

Conditions in Russia.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg, dated Dec. 20, says: Civil war is now raging throughout a wide circle of the country in European Russia, the Lettish provinces in West Saratoff and the neighboring provinces in the east, Ekaterinoslave and adjoining provinces south, are all ablaze with the fires of revolution. Enormous property values have been destroyed by the revolutionists, variously estimated to be worth a hundred million dollars. More than 200,000 armed peasants are in open revolt against the government against whom the government cannot offer a resistance of more than 100,000 soldiers and many of them are of doubtful loyalty. The czar's authority has totally ceased to exist in the Baltic provinces, where the Letts, numbering more than a million and a half of souls, are showing wonderful powers for organization and self protection. They have determined to establish an independent government and have appointed committees of men and women to administer local affairs and will establish the capitol of the Lettish republic. All the Letts have been ordered to refuse to pay any taxes until the czar summons a national assembly. All male inhabitants of the provinces must arm themselves and join the National Lettish army, taking an oath opposed to all coersive measures attempted by the czar. These orders are being obeyed everywhere and a plan of warfare for defense is prepared.

O'Toole Still at Large.

Thomas O'Toole, who shot and instantly killed Leroy Barbor at his boarding house at New Castle on Wednesday morning of last week, is still at large and all efforts of the police of that city to locate him or get any trace of his whereabouts have proved fruitless.

As soon as he committed this terrible crime he left the house and has not been seen since. It is claimed that he threatened revenge on the rest of the Barbor family and the homes of the relatives of his victim are being closely watched for fear that he will attempt to carry out his terrible threat. A druggist in New Castle says that a man answering O'Toole's description came to his place and attempted to purchase cocaine one night recently but he did not think of this man being O'Tool until after he had gone, so this only has a tendency to show that he is still hiding in New Castle. O'Tool is said to be a cocaine fiend.

It seems strange that a murderer can so completely elude the police of a city like New Castle and to an outsider it looks as though they were bunglers.

Christmas at St. Luke's.

The Christmas services will begin at St. Luke's on Christmas Eve, 24th, at 7:30 o'clock. The junior choir will be united with the regular choir for this service, and carols will be sung by the children, including a solo by one of the boys, together with two new anthems to the Magnificat and Nunc Dimitis, which the children have learned under the instruction of Miss Helen McCoy. The services on Christmas Day will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Tour's complete service in F will be sung at 10:30 a. m. with a new anthem by Custance. The Christmas tree for the children will be at the Parish House at 4 p. m. on Christmas Day. Miss Caldwell of Allegany will be in the choir on Sunday and Christmas Day.

At All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, the Christmas service, carols and address will be at 4 p. m. on Christmas Day. There will be a large Christmas tree with many gifts for the children.

Baptist Church Services.

Worship as usual in the Baptist church next Sunday. At 10:45 a. m. the subject is to be, "Christmas Joys." Bible school at noon, Junior C. E. at 3, Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 and evening worship at 7:30, evening subject, "My Best Christmas Present." Willing Workers Wednesday afternoon, prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8, Ladies' Aid Society Friday afternoon. The public is cordially invited to all Sabbath services, transient residents and strangers in town always welcome. Especial invitation is extended by the pastor to all members of the church to be present at both services next Sunday.

Fitzsimmons Defeated.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien whipped Robert Fitzsimmons at San Francisco last night. A press dispatch says: Robert Fitzsimmons collapsed at the close of the 13th round of his fight with Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia to-night. He had fought hard but nature could no longer stand the strain and after the gong had been sounded for the close of the 13th round he walked to his corner and sat in his chair. Then his head fell over on his breast, his whole body collapsed and he was unable to proceed. Referee Graney saw his condition and awarded the fight to O'Brien.

For Rent.

Two rooms, furnished, with water. For particulars inquire of

GEO. W. KING,
East Smethport, Pa.

More heating stoves arriving each day. You get the best when you buy of Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died.—At Comes Creek, Pa., Jan 28, 1881, of consumption, Clara R., wife of O. C. Griffin, and daughter of J. and E. Merrick of Annin, aged 20 years.

Switzer-Lee.—At the M. E. parsonage, Feb. 6, 1881, W. L. Switzer, to Miss Mary Lee, both of Aiken, this county.

At the bride's residence, Jan. 22, 1881, by J. E. Davids, Mr. Wilson Peters and Mrs. A. P. Southwick, widow of Corydon C. Southwick, formerly of McKean county, Pa., both of Marion, Marion county, Ohio.

Myrtle, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rockwell, died last Friday night, Feb. 11, 1881, of lung disease, aged 20 months. Funeral took place from the home of the parents Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., Rev. W. B. Wagner officiating.

Beers.—Claude, infant son of Chas. and Eliza Beers, Feb. 18, 1881, aged 1 year and 8 months. Services were held at the Coryville church.

Jerry Connor of Farmers Valley was buried to-day. [March 3, 1881.] He was one of the old residents of this vicinity and respected by all as a man of the strictest honor and of the purest motives.

Our usually quiet village was aroused from her slumbers on Tuesday evening [Mar. 1, 1881] by a report circulated quite rapidly upon the streets that H. W. Rubin's jewelry store had been robbed, and upon investigation it was found to be too true. Mr. Rubin left the store shortly after nine o'clock and Mr. Stewart, an employe, who sleeps in the store, went there from his home at half past ten, his usual time for going in to retire, and discovered one of the rear windows open, and the safe had been broken into and the contents carried away. The combination knob of the safe had been broken off with a hammer and the plate removed and the lock forced out of place. It was evidently the work of experienced hands, and ones that knew how to do the work up quick.

Among the articles stolen were two gentleman's gold watches, eight silver watches and between forty and fifty watches left there for repairs—some of which were quite valuable. Also a number of solid and plated watch chains, numerous sets of jewelry, cameo and onyx rings, sleeve buttons, etc. In their hurry to get away the thieves dropped a couple of ladies' gold watches which were found on the floor. Mr. Rubin estimates his loss at about $1,200. It was one of the most daring burglaries that has occurred in this county, and evidently the rascals had the store "spotted" for some time and knew pretty well the hour Mr. Stewart was in the habit of returning. The parties were tracked from the store around the side to the walk and there all traces were lost.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Specht's many friends and relatives, by whom she was universally loved and esteemed, have come the sad tidings, "She is dead!"

She was born Sept. 20, 1822, in Dredorstand in the Province of Hanover, Germany.

After a long and tedious voyage across the ocean with her brother, Christopher Heinemann, and his family, she reached this country in August, 1854. In 1863 she attended school in Buffalo, N. Y., where, although a stranger in a strange land, surrounded by many difficulties and unacquainted with the English language, she made rapid progress and succeeded in obtaining a good education. On Dec. 4, 1854, she was married to William Specht, with whom she was acquainted in the Fatherland, he having lived in the same place where she was born and had grown to womanhood, and with whom she has since lived in honor, peace and prosperity; being to him a helpmeet in the truest and best sense of the word. Sharing his struggles and hardships, his joys and sorrows, his labors and his success. He was wont to say when speaking of the competence which was theirs: "My wife has worked with me, what I have she helped me to earn."

Hers was a life of busy usefulness, a living, practical example of patience, industry and perseverance. She was a model of endurance to the weak and faltering, of courage to the faint hearted and of fortitude to the suffering and complaining.

In late years she was deprived of the amount of health and strength allotted to most people. I once heard her say: "I hardly feel strong enough to rise and dress myself in the morning." And yet she continued to labor side by side with her husband. Her business did not lag. Every order was so promptly filled, every promise so faithfully kept that we could hardly realize that she was not in her full strength and vigor. What a rebuke to the idle and careless; what an incentive to the discouraged and disparaging! She was not only a thoughtful, loving wife, but a fond, devoted mother to the son and daughter and little grandchild with whom they were blessed, and with all her labors and conscientious discharge of many duties, she had found time to extend the hand of a kind hospitality to both friend and stranger. Her home built up by her own and her husband's industry, rendered so pleasant and attractive by their taste and intelligence, by her love of the beautiful in art and nature, ever stood with open doors to the numerous relatives and acquaintances who were often entertained there. And many strangers will think of her with heartfelt gratitude and will rise up and call her blessed for kind regards shown them for cheerful and bounteous entertainment proffered them.

During her illness, and sometime before her death, she became united with the Episcopal church of Smethport. What her previous church connections or relations were I do not know, but this I do know, that her life was a religion unto itself, her faith, truth and uprightness in all things, her creed,—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

While we regret that she could not have lived many years to have enjoyed the beautiful home, the earthly comforts, honor and happiness which she so well earned, we know that her weary, pain-worn body is at rest, and that she has gone to a brighter, more beautiful home, to a greater reward. She died, after a long and painful sickness, on the morning of February 25th, 1881.

The funeral services were conducted at her residence, where was gathered a large concourse of mourning friends, according to the rites of the Episcopal church, by Rev. J. H. McCandless, on Sunday, the 28th.

We shall sadly miss her in all our varied walks of life, but we feel that the loss is not to her but to us who must take up our burdens and go on, without her loving presence, without her cheerful encouragement, her daily precept and example.

Scene from "OUR NEW MINISTER" at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening.

Last Night's Fire.

About 11 o'clock last night an alarm of fire was turned in and the Central Restaurant was discovered to be on fire. It is probable that the fire started in the partition, back of the range, which acted as a flue and carried the fire to the attic. The hose company was soon on the ground and it required but a short time to subdue the flames, but not until the upstairs rooms had been badly damaged by the fire and the lower story by the water. The stock of John Grim was considerably damaged, although a part of the stock was removed.

The building belonged to C. W. Oberg and was insured.

Although there was no insurance on the restaurant nor on the furniture in the rooms. The adjoining buildings were saved only by the fact that there was no wind.—Mt. Jewett News, Dec. 19.

Pennsylvania Railroad Tours.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged the following series of attractive Personally-Conducted Tours for the season of 1905 and 1906:—

California.—Leave New York January 25. A thirty-day tour by special Pullman train, covering interesting points in the West. Round-trip rate, covering all expenses, $375 from all points east of Pittsburg.

Grand Canyon of Arizona.—Leave New York March 1. A thirty-one-day tour by special Pullman train, covering not only the Grand Canyon but the resorts of California. Round-trip rate, covering all expenses, $385 from all points east of Pittsburg.

Florida.—Leave New York February 6 and 20 and March 6. Two weeks to three months in the Sunny Peninsula. Round trip rate, $50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from all other points.

Detailed itineraries are now in course of preparation. For further information, address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Watches.

At popular prices, all goods, all makes, all sizes. Comes and look.

PRILL, Bradford.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

Go to Brasted's for Christmas candies. He has an excellent line, all fresh and good.

"Cork Carpet" for your office or den; or for your kitchen, ask at Lindholm's.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Is Santa Claus a Nuisance?

More than one doting parent, whose heart softens as he recalls the delightful associations of the Christmas of his childhood and who would pass it on in all its pristine charm, must feel dismayed as the suspicion grows in his mind that Santa Claus has outlived his usefulness. It is with feelings of self-reproach that he reaches the sad conclusion that Santa Claus fitted in much better in simpler times than he does with the celebration of Christmas in the present era. Then Santa Claus was cloaked in a certain reserve that gave his visit an atmosphere of mystery no longer existing. The veil had not been torn from his icy home and the electric light let in on its most remote fastness. Now it seems as though Santa Claus had become not only common but obtrusive. He meets one in the flesh at every corner. His pictures stare out from all the advertising pages of the magazines. He is subject to humiliating familiarities and performs all kind of uncouth antics in the colored supplements of the Sunday papers. He leers at one from store windows and in imagination cranes his neck about every chimney pot. What was once a modest and lotable little old man, who adorned the brilliant pages of the colored picture book, where he was treated with delicacy and consideration and furnished inspiration for happy dreams, has become as loud and tiresome as the trade mark of some popular breakfast food. During the period when Christmas was more quietly observed before it had grown to such proportions as to be a drain on the modest purse, the story of Santa Claus did not impose such a drain on the child's credulity. Now not only members of the family, but all kin by blood and marriage, household servants, janitors, office boys, messengers and business associates, superior and inferior degree, have to be "remembered." Is not the tax really too great? Wouldn't it be an act of simple kindness to lay Santa away and have done with it? Once Santa and his team of reindeer could have made the rounds on Christmas eve in some comfort but he couldn't conduct the performance carried on in his name if he had a flying machine and he wouldn't have the heart to do it if he could. With no desire to speak harshly it seems entirely within bounds to say that Santa Claus has grown snobbish. He leaves automobiles and pianos and diamonds and all sorts of costly geegaws in the houses of the rich, where there is already a surplus of such things, but pass over worn little stockings hanging in the tenement bedroom. Really the image of such a Santa Claus could hardly arouse anything but feelings of envy and discontent in the homes where he leaves no share of his bounty, when their occupants see all sorts of extravagances committed by the rich in his name. Are such reflections just or are they a libel on the merriest elf whose eyes ever twinkled on little toddlers? Have the times indeed changed and has Christmas deteriorated in this lavish age? Or are such thoughts an indication that the man who indulges in them is suffering from a disordered liver, or else is growing old and the illusion of his childhood and youth are falling away? It may be that Santa Claus is as fascinating as ever and holds as warm a place in the hearts of the young. We would be glad to think so, but we must confess to an uncomfortable doubt about it.—Rochester Chronicle.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 16, 1905:

Pietro Buonvedere, Thos. Martin, Aaron Ekstrom.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. G. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Accounts Must be Settled.

On account of our dissolution of partnership, all persons indebted to us are requested to call and settle their accounts before January 1st. Accounts not settled by that time collection will be enforced.

GREEN BROTHERS,
Smethport, Pa.

Cutters and Sleighs for Sale.

I have a full carload of Michigan sleighs of different sizes for lumbering purposes, and a nice line of cutters and sleighs. All are new and of the latest designs. Prices are reasonable.

E. T. DALY,
Smethport, Pa.

Lost.

A ring. Stone golden brown called Golden Beryl, mounted with diamonds. Liberal reward when ring is returned to C. M. Colegrove, King street.

Hawkes Cut Glass.

The best in the world. A large and fine assortment to select from.

PRILL, Bradford, Pa.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Did you ever have "Foot-ease?" Then try Queen Quality Shoes at Lindholm's.

Go to J. C. Hamlin's for hand sleds and skates.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Puzzle of Pearls

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

Copyright, 1905, by Charles N. Lurie

IT was early in the day, and the fashionable establishment of the jeweler Roversi was almost bare of patrons. Dignified gentlemen, gray or bald, were standing behind the glass cases, waiting with waxen placidity for the opening of the day's business, and there was neither life nor color in the scene save by the door, where a golden-haired young woman daintily gowned was talking with Paul Roversi, nephew of the proprietor.

Between them was a small, plain, inexpensive jewel case, open, and the lady was looking down into it, where lay a string of pearls, not large ones nor especially notable to the ordinary observer, but possessing recondite merits which commended them dearly to the connoisseur.

"I love them," said Mrs. Hasbrouck. "I could look at them all day. Aren't they beautiful?" And she pushed the box toward Roversi, who looked at the pearls for a few seconds and then closed the lid upon them. Mrs. Hasbrouck turned a tiny key in the lock.

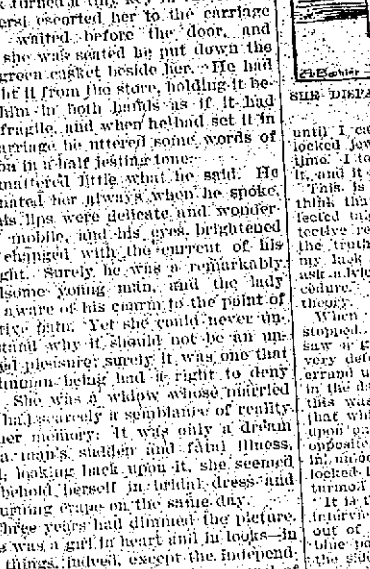
Roversi escorted her to the carriage which waited before the door, and when she was seated he put down the little green casket beside her. He had brought it from the store, holding it before him in both hands as if it had been fragile, and when he had set it in the carriage he uttered some words of caution in a half jesting tone.

It mattered little what he said. He fascinated her always when he spoke, for his lips were delicate and wonderfully mobile, and his eyes brightened and changed with the current of his thought. Surely he was a remarkably handsome young man, and the lady was aware of his charm to the point of positive pain. Yet she could never understand why it should not be an unmixed pleasure; surely it was one that no human being had a right to deny her. She was a widow whose married life had scarcely a semblance of reality in her memory. It was only a dream of a man's sudden and fatal illness, and, looking back upon it, she seemed to behold herself in bridal dress and mourning crape on the same day.

Three years had dimmed the picture. She was a girl in heart and in looks—in all things, indeed, except the independence of her station and the control of a great fortune. Roversi was her equal socially, and, though he had not a penny of his own, she had enough for two. If he had extravagant tastes, so that he must go to his indulgent uncle twice a year with a handful of debts, at least he was a gentlemanly spendthrift, and his follies had never brought him into condemnation under the easy code of modern society. It is not probable that Mrs. Hasbrouck analyzed the young man's character to any serious advantage. Her fears and hopes, her joy and pain, proceeded not from the workings of her mind, but was from the agitation of her heart.

Absorbed in meditations which were upon the whole agreeable, Mrs. Hasbrouck rode homeward with her pearls. The carriage stopped beside the curb, and the lady glanced out of the open window, expecting to see the familiar doorsteps and red masonry before the portal of her house. Instead she saw the face of a groom in her employ who was standing in an attitude of apology with cap in hand.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said he. "I was on my way to Mr. Chandler's"—a maker of saddlery—"about a saddle



"BEG PARDON, MA'AM," SAID HE.

cloth, if you'll be so good as to remember, and was this the pattern that you wanted, ma'am?"

He took a bit of cloth from the inside of his cap and held it up.

"No," said Mrs. Hasbrouck. "It was the other."

After many futile efforts the man found the right sample and went off upon his errand. Two minutes later Mrs. Hasbrouck alighted at her residence, the jewel case in her hand. She carried it directly to a room on the second floor where there was a safe set into the wall. By a window of this room she sat down to enjoy a last glimpse of her favorite trinket before consigning it to the darkness of the safe. She unlocked the casket with the key, which she had carried in her glove, and when the lid was up she stared, dumfounded, upon emptiness. The pearls were gone.

For some minutes Mrs. Hasbrouck's mind was the abode of utter confusion, but presently there began to appear in the midst of this chaos the semblance of solid facts and the outlines of a plan of action. She locked the jewel case and put it into the safe. Then she went downstairs to the telephone, but, after contemplating the instrument thoughtfully, she turned away. She had remembered that the Roversi establishment had a private exchange and that the girl in charge of it could overhear a conversation. The present affair seemed to demand an absolute discretion. It would be better to communicate with Paul Roversi by note. She wrote, therefore, as follows:

My Dear Mr. Roversi—Your warning was prophetic—my beloved pearls have vanished. I did not leave the carriage

SHE DISPATCHED THIS BY ONE OF HER DEPENDENTS.

until I came to my own door, and the locked jewel case was beside me all the time. I took it into the house and opened it, and it was empty.

This is a very black mystery, but I think that there must be a hitherto neglected agent within me—a talent for detective research. Already I seem to see the truth in this distressing affair, but my lack of experience constrains me to ask advice as to the best method of procedure. First, however, I must state my theory.

When I was near home my carriage stopped. I looked out of the window and saw a groom named Michael Snarr, who very deferentially consulted me about an errand upon which I had sent him earlier in the day. Does it not seem possible that this was a feature of a clever plot and that while Michael engaged my attention upon one side a confederate came to the opposite window of the carriage, reached in, unlocked the box with a duplicate key, locked it again and faded away into the turmoil of the city?

It is true that when I had concluded my interview with Michael I happened to look out of the other window and saw a big blue policeman standing on the edge of the sidewalk across the way. I distinctly remember him, and it seems strange that he should have been unable to see this crime, committed under his very nose. Yet policemen are failing more and more into the trap of evil ways. Perhaps this one is even now dividing my pearls with Michael and his two accomplices. I say "two," for I feel sure that my coachman was in the plot and that the third thief was also one of my servants.

You will remember that I have very often used this green plush jewel case in carrying jewels back and forth between my house and the establishment of Mr. Henry Roversi, your esteemed uncle. I have left the case empty in my carriage dozens of times, and this must have been remarked by my servants. To procure a duplicate key—or perhaps another case precisely similar, to be used in a rapid and dexterous exchange—would have been perfectly easy. Still, of course, there's the policeman. But I must stick to my theory. It is not possible for me to entertain any other.

You know how dear this bauble was to me. I look to you for help in recovering it, and I have mentioned my loss to no one else. Please communicate with me as soon as you have come to a decision. Sincerely yours,

HELENA HASBROUCK.

She dispatched this by one of her dependents, a bright eyed youth of dwarfish stature, but of an excellent habit of reticence, and then she waited in many kinds of misery for Roversi's reply.

An hour passed. She sent again for the dwarf. He had returned from his errand and had gone out again upon another. She regretted the caution which had forbidden her to tell him to report to her immediately, but she had not wished to make him think too seriously of his mission. Another hour dragged away. Mrs. Hasbrouck could stand suspense no longer. She called Roversi's by telephone and learned that Paul had gone out, no one knew when or why.

"I would like to speak with Mr. Henry Roversi," she said upon a sudden resolve.

Only an exact quotation, not possible to the present chronicler, could properly reveal the sympathy which Mr. Roversi felt and expressed when he learned of Mrs. Hasbrouck's loss.

"Have you any suspicions?" he asked at last.

"None whatever," she replied.

Mr. Roversi admitted that the case was mysterious and deeply distressing, and he begged that it might be laid before Mr. Newell, the astute detective who guarded the vast treasures of the store. Mr. Newell listened without comment to Mrs. Hasbrouck's clear and concise statement of the facts. His questions, though their purport was skillfully veiled, were directed, as the lady easily perceived, toward the elucidation of a single element of the case—namely, when and under what circumstances was Mrs. Hasbrouck's note delivered to Mr. Paul Roversi. To this end Mr. Newell obtained a description of the messenger, and with that he seemed to be content.

"You will hear from me within a couple of hours," said he in conclusion, "and I hope for the best results."

The allotted time had almost expired and Mrs. Hasbrouck was upon the verge of some direfully catastrophic explosion of the feelings when the card of Mr. Paul Roversi was put into her hands, and presently the young man entered, a tragic figure, pale as paper. He paused at three yards distance and looked into her eyes, and slowly a wondrous and beautiful change came over him.

"I knew it wasn't true," he said simply as a child and with a sob of exquisite relief.

"True!" she echoed.

"My uncle said that you suspected me," he answered firmly. "I think his own mind was not clear of that injustice. He has his excuses; he knows that I have money difficulties. But you"—

Wrath blazed in Helena Hasbrouck with consuming heat—the unreasonable, pathetically comic wrath of woman; anger against that relentless, malicious demon, the Truth, a creature sent into this world to torture us.

"He dared say that!" she cried. "I will make him smart for it. And you—you believed him, though you have heard me give you very heartily the name of friend."

"I know it wasn't true," he repeated, scarcely less false than herself, yet with an honest striving for the facts. "It was the idea, the mere thought of it, that tortured me. It was like an evil dream that haunts one after waking. And yet," he continued, "I could have forgiven you. I could not have blamed you. What other explanation was possible or is possible at this instant? Such sleight of hand as a child is capable of would have sufficed to do it there in one place, and you would have looked an empty box."

"I never dreamed of it," said she. "You yourself are the sufficient answer to such an accusation. I hold you for a man of honor."

"And if I had taken them?" said he, drawing near to her, with a sudden mad question in his eyes.

"Paul," she answered, with white lips, "I should have been upon your side. We would have been thieves together."

At this inopportune moment Detective Newell was announced. He entered bearing a green jewel case in his hands, and when it was set upon the table he opened it and disclosed the pearls.

"You are a better detective than I am, Mrs. Hasbrouck," said he. "Your note to Mr. Roversi stated the case absolutely dead right with one small exception—the third thief didn't reach in through the window to change the boxes; he was hidden under the carriage seat. When your attention was drawn away he reached out quick as a snake and made the shift."

"Under the seat!" cried Mrs. Hasbrouck. "Surely there isn't room."

"Room enough for your dwarf," responded Newell, "the fellow whom you sent with the note to Mr. Roversi. He read it, of course, as soon as he was out of your sight, and the accuracy of your statement scared him blue. He and the coachman and Michael Snarr skipped together. After my talk with you I notified the sleuths at the railroad stations, and we caught the men with the goods on them," as you perceive."

"And my note?" she breathed, pressing him as Roversi was bending over the jewel case.

"I'm sorry, but I lost it," he said and deftly put it into her hand.

She crushed the sheet of paper with nervous fingers and, turning, gave the detective such a look of gratitude that he blushed for the first time in some years.

"YOU ARE A BETTER DETECTIVE THAN I AM."

Cannon Carved In Rocks.

When the island of Malta was in possession of the Templars those knights defended their forts by the use of cannon cut into the solid rock. Each was capable of containing an entire barrel of gunpowder and could throw 10,000 pounds of projectiles. As these natural cannon could not be aimed fifty were cut out of the rock guarding the various channels of approach, and the vessels of that time were unable to approach within their own range before being annihilated by these huge weapons of defense. Although the fame of these cannon was spread far and wide, they were not duplicated elsewhere, and they remain the only rock cannon of which there is any record.

Unhappiness.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy. It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Emile Zola.

Swordless.

"Yes," said the condescending youth, "I am taking fencing lessons."

"Good," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I allus said you was goin' to turn in an' do somethin' useful. What's your specialty, goin' to the rail, stone or barbed wire?"—Washington Star.

Same Old Story.

"Does he pay his alimony promptly?"

"No; he has to be urged and threatened every payday; but, then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Try It.

"Don't you smell fire?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"I don't either, but most people do if you ask them."

A Dancing Girl

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Boshtent

"I wish"—Miranda said, then stopped, sighing. She was so little used to having her wishes come true.

Miranda loved color and light and music. Somewhere in her pedigree there must have been a strain of negro blood; else how account for her delicacy more than for her silky black hair, her liquid black eyes, her fine olive skin touched with scarlet? Her dancing as well was wholly untaught, untrued save by the sweep of the wind, the lulling patter of raindrops on the cottage roof. She danced only when she thought herself alone. Her grandfather, the minister, though dancing of any sort a deadly sin.

He had a heart kind and true, this bent, white haired old gentleman, and truly loved his one grandchild. It was his creed, not himself, which forced him to deny her the things her youth craved. He did not understand her any more than he had understood his wife, her grandmother, who had died, leaving behind a baby girl that grew up the feminine counterpart of its father.

It was a queer, a piteous jest of fate that gave her, a woman born for the missionary cause, such a plaything of quick silver as Miranda for a daughter. How the girl came by the mercurial excesses through the grandmother was a puzzle of heredity. Her father was a missionary, meek in all things except regarding his chosen work. There he had a lion's heart, a Spartan's endurance. This Miranda had been left behind when her parents went to the far east. That was ten years back—so long ago they were little more to her now than memories.

Miranda picked up her mother's latest letter. The paper was thin, the writing fine and crabbed, but she was able to read an account of the dancing girls in one of the heathen temples. After the third reading she shut her eyes. Her mother had dwelt lovingly upon the horror, the impiety of it all, but somehow there had crept between the lines or well of the east to bewitch the reader. She seemed to see it all—the crowd, the lights, the wreaths of smoking incense, the figures swaying in time and tune. And as she thus saw mentally there came to her a longing not to be resisted to dance, dance, dance, the night away.

It was evening. Her grandfather was away at a special service in his mission chapel. She had been left behind to finish some slight household tasks. Half a mile down the street the Brixton fancy ball was in full blast. She had a card to it—one she had not dared to display. Now, insanely, she made up her mind to go—notwithstanding her formal regrets. She would not go as Miranda Acton—rather as a dancing girl from a world unknown.

Her mother had sent home a complete outfit to be sold at the Twelfth Night St. Barnabas fair. With shaking hands she huddled herself into it, then looked at herself in the glass. The effect startled her, but it convinced her there must be further disguise. She caught up her water colors, gave herself a dusky complexion, carmine cheeks and heavy black lashes. She stained her arms, her ankles, her bare throat.

By the time it was done the clock was striking 10. In half an hour her grandfather would be home. For a minute she hesitated, then, almost before she knew it, she had goloshes over her sandals, and, well wrapped in her long mackintosh, was out in the street.

Presently she found herself in the Brixtons' library. She had crushed through a great multitude of figures nearly as much out of the common as her own. She remembered, too, having dropped a frightened courtesy to stately Mme. Brixton, who had stared at her, then smiled a kindly welcome, and let her slip away in the crowd.

The band was playing. In the room beyond all sorts and conditions of folks whirled, madly about. Miranda glanced at them and shrank back. They were dancing two and two—she could only dance alone—and dance she must. The stealing music said so beyond peradventure. The library was empty. Half unconsciously she began to foot it over the polished floor, weaving back and forth, bending, swaying, balancing upon one foot, arms up, arms down or extended as though in entreaty.

On, on, on she bent and swayed, now stamping one tiny foot, now pirouetting with untaught grace, unconscious that two pairs of eyes watched her from the ambush of heavy curtains swung across a deep window seat. They were masculine eyes—Tom Brixton and his city friend, just back from globe trotting, had found harbor there. They gazed spellbound at Miranda, then breathlessly at each other.

"It is a miracle," Tom whispered at last, "one that shows how blood will tell. I know our dancer. She's old Parson Carter's granddaughter, the prettiest girl in the county. Let's go out and take possession of her. We understand, but if the others saw—my! There would be a kettle of fish!"

"Be still! It is sacrilege to think of stopping her," Landon, the city friend, said, breathing hard, "and it would be worse sacrilege to let her stay here. Can't you see her, dancing on a floor of men's hearts?"

Tom broke from his hold with a little uneasy laugh.

At the sound Miranda stopped, panic stricken, blushing so deeply her rouge showed pale. "You—you'll help me get away—back home—I—I had to come," she panted.

Tom took her hand kindly and put his arm half about her. Then in through the door came the old minister in his rusty black coat, the picture of stern, yet benignant, amaze until he caught sight of his granddaughter. Then a wave of wrath swept him into speech.

"Miranda, I came to pluck you a brand from the burning—but, oh, you wanton! You have made it certain you will burn for this in everlasting fires."

He swung upon his heel, but turned back, saying dully, "I shall be waiting when you choose to come—home."

Miranda sprang toward him, but Landon restrained her. "You will only make things worse," he said. "Listen! Tom Brixton will vouch for me—that I mean you no harm in what I say. Let me take you away—to the city. It is the place for such as you. Here life will be a burden to you and those around you. There you may be happy and famous and rich."

"Let's get out of this," Brixton said, opening a locked door that led to his father's office and drawing the minister and Landon within it. Miranda followed them, moving like one in a dream. There were low, earnest words, whose import she did not catch, then somehow she was whisked off to the parsonage.

She did not sleep that night. Next morning she was on a train, speeding cityward, wondering if she ever should see her native town again.

Miranda must have been born under a specially lucky star, for she was permitted to come back seven years later, to the succor of those she had left behind. Her parents had come home, all their strength and use sapped by the cruel east, to rest, they said, to die, said those about them.

Parson Carter was in little better case. New men, methods, measures had crowded him from the place he loved so well. Now, for two years past Miranda's homely hand had maintained him. He knew the source of it, although he never mentioned her name. She was no mere dancer, but an actress who had conquered her place in the world. Landon had lived up to his words—he had made her rich and famous, albeit he had been unable to make her love him.

Why, he could not understand. Tom Brixton might possibly have enlightened him. It was Tom who kept Miranda in touch with what went on in the little brown cottage, and when he said simply "Come!" she knew something of what to expect.

But not all. No fancy could paint for her the mother face—wan and full of mother longing, or show the father, thin and bowed, with yet something of soldier fire in his faded eyes. Grandfather Carter, aged, infirm, aged. The good man had lived so sparely he was almost bloodless.

Miranda came in to them, not a creature of silk and lace, but in the same stuff frock she had worn upon her arriving. As she looked from one to another her heart rose in her throat. Instinctively she ran and caught her mother in her arms, kneeling to lay her head upon the thin breast and sobbing out, "I am never going away again—if you will let me stay."

"No," she isn't going, whatever you say," Tom interposed. He was a common sense person and knew things were getting too tense. "I've been waiting for her long enough—all of seven years. Now I mean to have her, whether or not it's by your leave."

"Take her, although she is not ours to give. We were the deserters," Mrs. Acton said, while the two ministers laid their clasped hands upon Miranda's head, saying with choked voices, but in a happy key: "Amen! Amen!"

She Didn't Put It Out.

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neckbands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety.

The doctor not only listened patiently, but handed over the offending white bands to be operated upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bibs it was the doctor's turn.

"Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn also."

"Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long and which causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate. What is it? Here are the scissors; use them as you please."

"Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."—London Mail.

Out of the Barrel.

A Boston steamship man was a witness of this incident: A liner was unloading at one of the Charlestown docks. A cook's helper, a small and very black negro, was leaning over the rail. A large hogshead of molasses came creaking up on the end of the chain and swung unfeadily to and fro. Finally, with a smash, it struck the rail and broke into bits, molasses flying everywhere. There was a wild cry, and from the wreckage came the negro, soaked from head to foot and entirely unrecognizable. He danced madly about and shouted like nothing human. A little Irishman, in overalls, regarded the apparition for a moment with mouth open awe, and a light breaking on him, he shouted: "Molkel Fer the love er hivin! Molkel Will yez see phat came out of the barrel by mer-lasses!" It took the combined efforts of the superintendent and his assistants to convince Pat that he hadn't discovered a new stowaway method.

One Exception.

Mrs. Bibbs—This paper says that walking in the rain, without an umbrella, will remove wrinkles. Mr. Bibbs—Well, it won't, not if you are walking in the rain without an umbrella because some friend has stolen yours.—New York Weekly.

Her Poem.

He—I hear you read a poem at your commencement. She—No; I wore it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mme. de Stael.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which need business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1908.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report, showing if and how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office. WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & CO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

For the most beautiful HAVILAND and JAPANESE CHINA,

RICH CUT GLASS

English and American DECORATED DINNER SETS

Fine Table Glassware

Bissell's Carpet Sweeper

Sleds and Skates,

STEEL DOLL CARRIAGES, GO-CARTS, Etc.,

go to

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Holmes & Gillilan have a new holiday ad in this issue.

—We are in receipt of a very pretty calendar from the Pennsylvania Grit.

—The new Christmas advertisement of H. W. Rubin is interesting. Look it up.

—Edinboro Normal students are taught in study and practice the latest methods in teaching. Catalog sent free. Winter session begins Jan. 3 1906. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—According to the Eagle the register of votes by Eldred borough totals 320 and figuring on the usual average of five in population to each voter, Eldred's census should figure about 1,600.

—The Kane Leader and Johnsonburg Press issued very pretty Christmas editions last week. The cover pages were printed in colors and were very appropriate at this the gladsome Christmas time.

—Because of the growing scarcity of timber, matches are now being made of paper, rolled spirally and dipped in wax or, sperine, which prevents unrolling and gives rigidity. The roll is cut in lengths, which are then dipped into the phosphorus composition. The matches are said to burn well.

—On Monday morning, our popular druggist, Gordon S. Studholme went to Smethport where he received from the Court the papers which made him a citizen of the United States. During his absence Mrs. Studholme became the mother of a handsome baby girl. To become a citizen of the greatest government under the sun, and a papa in the same day brings broad smiles to the gentleman's face. He and his estimable wife are certainly to be congratulated on both happy events.—Port Allegany Argus.

—"I am blind; I can't see." These were the words uttered by Mrs. Frank Genung of this boro, while eating supper with her family Sunday evening. Her husband rushed to her side and found that she had spoken the truth. The services of a physician were secured and although he exerted his best efforts, the unfortunate woman is still sightless and her case has proven to be most extraordinary and baffling. It is supposed that a clot of blood has affected the optic nerve.—Coudersport Democrat.

A Wonderful Ride.

Engineer Crowell's wonderful straightaway ride even beside by man was the gallop of Phidias Archer Aubrey's eleven Canadian [illegible] and famous pony express rider from Santa Fe, N. M., to Independence, Mo., in 1858. Six hundred miles in five days and thirteen hours, he had covered the same distance in little over eight days, and was on the wager of $1,000 that he could do it in seven eight, [illegible] horses only [illegible] 2-3 miles. He was a [illegible] Carolinian, built heavily [illegible] and absolutely [illegible] was an [illegible] made the celebrated [illegible] drive of [illegible] from New Mexico [illegible] He was killed in San Francisco [illegible] Magazine.

Early Autograph Hunters.

A certain Atossa in ancient Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those far back days, was contagious. Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at $15,000 of our money. Then came the hurrah of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase, and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.

When Death Cools His Sting.

There is a curious superstition in Jamaica that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poisoned at once and must be thrown away, the reason given being that "death" cools his "sting" after destroying life in the first water he finds, and as no one can tell—death being invisible—what jar he may choose it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people to save trouble even carry all water out of the house immediately before a death is expected.

Already Well Made.

"Miss Deepley does make some of the most inapt quotations," remarked Bragg.

"Yes?" queried Newitt. "What, for instance?"

"Well, last night I remarked that I always avoided political discussion because I didn't want to make a fool of myself, and she said, 'One cannot paint the lily or gild refined gold.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Let go or die. That's the alternative of the shipwrecked man with the money bags. A great many people have a like alternative before them. Business men come to a point where the doctor tells them that they must "let go or die." Probably he advises a sea voyage or mountain air. There's an obstinate cough that won't be shaken off. The lungs are weak and perhaps bleeding. There is emaciation and other symptoms of disease, which if unskilfully or improperly treated terminate in consumption.

Thousands of men and women in a like condition have found complete healing by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"It gives me pleasure to send you this testimonial so that some other poor sufferer may be saved, as I was by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Geo. A. Thompson, of Sheldon Ave., Chatham, Ont., Canada. "I had a cough for years, experienced a great deal, and was slowly failing. Was losing flesh every day. Lost in weight from 150 pounds down to 128. My flesh got soft and I had no strength. Did not say anything to any one but made up my mind that the end was not far off. One day my wife was reading in the Common Sense Medical Adviser about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I said, that sounds more like common sense than anything else that I had heard. I at once bought a bottle of your famous remedy and before I had taken half of one bottle I felt better. Took thirteen bottles and it made a new man of me. I gained sixteen pounds and never have had a cough since. I feel grateful and give all the credit to your medicine."

Given away. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. The book contains 1008 pages, over 100 illustrations and several colored plates. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-bound book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure bad, foul stomach and constipation and so help to cure nearly every disease of man-kind. They regulate, tone up and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Cutting a Cameo.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay river in Brazil that ships often take it away as ballast. Nevertheless perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portal costing as much as $75. This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness and durability and is suitable for such work owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting color, as black and white, black and cream or red and white. When the cut figure is sunk into the stone instead of being raised the cutting is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist for a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can be done much more rapidly. Still the artistic work bears the palm for artistic excellence. The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving drill whose soft steel face is covered with diamond dust. No steel is hard enough to cut the stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.

Curran in the Coffee House.

John Philpot Curran, the famous Irish lawyer, ranks among the wittiest men the Emerald Isle has ever produced. His self-possession was sometimes called against himself by the intended victim, the following story, taken from the volume of biographical reminiscences entitled "Miss Brookfield and Her Circle," furnishing an amusing example of how Curran was once outwitted:

A brisk young widow in some part of Ireland used to preside at the table of a coffeehouse patronized by Curran. Her name was Honor, and one day there was some disputed charge.

Curran slyly winked at the friend who happened to be dining with him and proposed "honor and honesty."

"By all means," added the widow briskly, holding her glass to be filled, "let us drink to Mr. Curran's absent friends."

Daisies Follow Railways.

"Daisies grow on railroads [illegible]," said an engineer [illegible] to Central Asia, in the [illegible] meadows white and yellow [illegible] to the construction [illegible] engineer or [illegible] These [illegible] the [illegible] Lord [illegible] seed so easily that it inevitably follows the most [illegible] [illegible] seeds from horse's [illegible] railway [illegible] all over [illegible] the [illegible] engineers [illegible] [illegible] and this in the midst of tropical places, among the woods, orchids and palms and giant cacti, you will see little after mile of white [illegible] [illegible] with white [illegible] and cups.

The Curse of Scotland.

Among the reasons why the line of diamonds has been called the curse of Scotland are the following:

Diamonds, nine of, called the curse of Scotland, from a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms is the nine of diamonds, voting for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland.—"Chronology; or, The Historian's Companion." Fourth Edition, by Thomas Tegg. London, 1826.

There is a George Campbell mentioned in Burton's "History of Scotland" as having caused the nine of diamonds to be called the curse of Scotland because he stole nine diamonds out of the royal crown in the reign of Mary Stuart, in consequence of which all Scotland was taxed.

Cranglers.

Sometimes a calfary's coat gets a pale, sickly yellow. Give him half an ounce of ground red pepper such as is used on your table and let the bird eat it as he likes. In a week he'll turn a beautiful orange color. Bird lice are troublesome at times. A pinch of powdered sulfron put under the wings will drive away the pests. Gravel in the cage every day and a dish of tepid water for a bath every other day are indispensable to the singer's health and happiness.

Resigned.

"Now," said the physician who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature."

"All right," responded the patient in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that too."—Paris Journal.

Reasoned.

"You haven't married me just to spite somebody else, have you?" she asked, looking anxiously up into his honest blue eyes.

"No, dear," he absentmindedly replied. "I took you for your money alone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Loves.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and slightly dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?"

"That is quite simple. Your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Paris Journal.

Rich.

"I suppose your idea of a rich man is one who has everything he wants?"

"No; it's one who has everything I want."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Veteran.

Lawyer—The cross examination did not seem to worry you a little bit. Have you had any previous experience? Client—Six children.

Easy.

"How do you suppose that fellow ever got through college?"

"By means of a college coach."—Baltimore American.

It is great and manly to disdain dis guise; it shows our spirit and proves our strength.—Young.

Insensible to Pain.

A mother's love for her children is always being illustrated, not only in books, but in real life. A true story is told of a lady whose baby was very ill and who sat watching the child with absorbed attention, every instant fearing another convulsion and praying for deliverance from it. At her side stood an older child, who had stolen into the room unobserved and who was trying to prick the little black spots in mamma's muslin sleeve with a needle he had found. Presently the father came in, and the little child was seen and sent away.

"What is the matter with your arm?" whispered the gentleman to his wife when at last they turned to each other and smiled their thankfulness that the baby had fallen asleep.

"I don't know," said she. "Nothing that I am aware of."

She put up her hand and found that the thin muslin sleeve was soaked with blood. The little boy had become so absorbed in his sport that he had jabbed with all his might, and she in her terrible anxiety had not felt the thrusts.

Cleaning Men's Clothes.

A tailor of fifty years' experience gives the following information:

All men's clothing to be cleaned should be thoroughly beaten and brushed, [illegible] things are so dirty it is absolutely necessary to wash them as the other woolen goods. Iron on the wrong side. To remove spots, use the following:

Two ounces of hartshorn, an ounce of castile soap, a quarter of an ounce of saltpeter. Dissolve in a quart of rain water.

He has used many cleaning mixtures, but considers this the best. Put a wad of soft cloth (like an old towel) under the spot, saturate well and rub hard. The secret of success lies in hard rubbing, which will drive the grease through into the wad of cloth. Rub dark goods with dark woolen and light goods with light. Press on right side with damp cloth between iron and garment.—Buffalo News.

Indian Summer.

Indian summer is the short spell of warm days in October or November accentuated by the first chill of autumn which has preceded it. Sometimes it lasts as long as a fortnight, and it has been observed to occur twice or thrice in a season, though this is quite rare. An atmospheric phenomenon of the same nature has received the name of "St. Luke's summer" in Germany, "St. Martin's summer" in England, the feasts of these saints being Oct. 18 and Nov. 11 respectively. The name Indian summer is of an unidentified origin. It has been established that it does not appear on any record earlier than 1794, but when first recorded it was as a term in general use. The use of the expression in 1778 by Horace Walpole clearly referred to the torrid summer of the West Indies and not to this pleasant period of the northern autumn.

The Satan of the Greeks.

The Greek conception of the evil one, whom they call Yanni, makes that personage one of the most satanic of the whole evil tribe. According to their ideas of him, he is 240 miles high and the hairs on his body stand out like palm trees on a mountain side. He punishes the damned being submitted to his charge by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead in their ears and such other little pranks as pulling out their tongues, toe and finger nails and gouging out their eyes. He is a heartless old fiend of the most fiendish kind and has many other exquisite little tortures laid up for the helpless wretch consigned to his "chamber of horrors."

The Cent Is Not Small.

With the exception of the English penny, the cent is the largest minimum unit of money in the civilized world. Roughly speaking, our cent is worth 2 kopecks, 2 cents Mexican, Chinese and East Indian, 2 mils or milliemes. It is two and a half times larger than the cent of the Netherlands or the Kreutzer. There are 4 pfis, ore or pfennige to the cent or 5 bani, centesimi, lepta, heller, paulas, centimes or stotinki. A cent is worth 10 paras Turkish or 10 Japanese rin, 11 cash Chinese or 50 piyas Servian. What the feller can, can-dyeres of Servia say when tendered a five cent piece in paras would probably not be apt to smile.

Madison's Mint Julep Bet.

Among the trees at the edge of the lawn on the right hand side of the house as you face the mountains James Madison built an icehouse. This was in 1809, and it was the first icehouse in Orange county, Va. Ice in summer! His servants were incredulous. And he bet his overseer an iced mint julep on the Fourth of July against which the latter wagered a wild turkey. Of course Madison won the turkey.—Country Life in America.

The Common Mistake.

"Higgins says that when he went to school he was one of the brightest boys in his class."

"Yes," answered the sporting man; "that's where so many of us fall down—getting out of our class."—Washington Star.

A Vast Difference.

She—Mr. Richie says very bitter things about those boy sons of his, but his wife is always making excuses for them. He—Yes, she makes excuses, but he has to make allowances for them. That's what angers him.

Thoughts go forth to purposes, purposes go forth in actions, actions form habits, habits decide character, and character fixes our destiny.—Tryon Edwards.

Lucky Patients.

"Did you ever make any mistakes, doctor?"

"Well, I've had several patients get well, that I expected would die."

We should be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture which we are willing to give the advantage of the best light.—Emerson.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

"No, Sir! You cannot palm off any substitutes on me. I've been using August Flower since I was a boy, and I'll have no other."

¶Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the worst enemies of health and happiness? ¶Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it is the best of all liver regulators? ¶August Flower has a matchless record of over 35 years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints. ¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

For the Holidays

Fine Stationery

Fine Perfumes

Toilet Articles

Brushes

Combs

Mirrors

Hawkes Cut Glass

Razors

Fine Pocket Cutlery

A new line of

Hand Painted China

The prettiest plates we have had yet at very reasonable prices. Everything in the druggists line.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT.

TEN PERCENT DISCOUNT

On all purchases made here from now until Xmas. I do this to show you my appreciation for the liberal patronage with which you have favored me during the past 12 months. My stock is brim full of the season's choicest goods at UNUSUAL LOW PRICES besides a

Discount of 10 Per Cent.

Suits Rain Coats Overcoats
Flannel Shirts Suit Cases Hats
Dress Shirts Silk Suspenders Cuff Buttons
Silk Handkerchiefs Walk-Over Shoes Gloves

and many other useful articles. I wish you one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Wm. Monheimer Smethport Penna

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

HOLIDAY GOODS

WE have the largest stock and the greatest variety. Something for everybody that is useful and appropriate.

THE store is crowded with nice things and if we tried to enumerate the articles it would take a whole sheet of this paper so we will only invite you to call and look over our mammoth stock.

WE WILL PLEASE YOU.

McCoy's Drug Store

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Kean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column, per annum, payable monthly. Cut own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1905.

AN effort made to induce the Republicans to hold a convention early next spring does not meet with the unanimous approval of the county leaders. They are not taking orders quite so amiably as they have done in the past. The would-be State leaders are not leading to any great extent, just at present.—Bradford Era.

THE united efforts of the Chicago financiers averted a panic on Monday when three big banking institutions were closed, involving over $15,000,000. A clearing house arrangement was made whereby all the obligations of the suspended institutions, amounting to millions of dollars, were made good and a general disturbance in banking affairs was prevented. That is a sort of helpfulness which should be appreciated.

THE need of a new fire alarm in this borough is becoming more apparent every day and should be promptly attended to. The gas whistle now in use is not what it should be, because when the pressure is light, which quite often is the case at this time of the year, the alarm cannot be heard for more than a distance of one hundred rods and not then by persons inside buildings. We should have an alarm that would awake every ordinary sleeper from his slumbers in any part of the town. This matter should be attended to at once.

REFERRING to rebates, R. S. Baker says: "We Americans, by instinct, are fair fighters. If we are beaten by one who plays the game according to the rules, we admire him. But if we are beaten by foul play, by daggers in the back, we don't like it. We do not like the rebaters—the oil barons, the beef monopolists, the steel trust millionaires, the sugar magnates, the banana kings and their like, who have won by foul playing. Nor do we like that sort of railroad manager over which allows such foul playing. And no scattering of benevolent libraries, no establishment of universities, no contributions for converting the heathen, are going to blind our eye to the truth regarding the man who plays traitor to the democracy. Quite the most astonishing thing about the railroad rebate is the unanimity with which we agree that it is wrong, wrong morally, wrong economically, wrong legally. Even Rockefeller decries rebates! Now that he has succeeded by means of rebates he asserts that he no longer takes them, and naturally he is anxious to prevent any one else from taking them. For the success of the man who breaks the law depends upon the fact that other people obey the law."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Dec. 17, 1905

The Beet Sugar Interests had a hearing before the Ways and Means committee of the House this week on the subject of the lowering of the Philippine tariff. Whatever one may think of the revision of the tariff question in general, it is impossible to deny that so far as the beet sugar interests are concerned, the removal of the duty on Philippine sugar would mean their extinction. The spokesman before the committee was W. S. Humphreys and he made a good case for the interests of the beet sugar, though whether his argument is applied to the country at large is a matter of course a matter of individual opinion. He told the committee that the sugar production of the Philippines was 60,000,000 tons in excess of the consumption in this country and he said that if the tariff on Philippine sugar was removed this crop would without question be dumped on the United States. He was asked by Mr. Payne why the Philippine sugar crop could not go as it had always gone to China and Japan. Mr. Humphreys replied that the bulk of the Philippine sugar refined for China was refined in English factories on English ground and that in accordance with the Brussels sugar convention it would be barred out on the grounds of bounty paying if the United States remitted the tariff. This in all probability would be true, as the English interests would be glad of any reasonable excuse to hurt the trade of the United States in any quarter of the globe. So as the case stands, the admission of Philippine sugar free to the United States looks like the extinction of the beet sugar industry. The only question that remains is what the Ways and Means committee intends to do with it.

Rear Admiral Sands, the superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis was in Washington an entire day this week in conference with the Secretary of the Navy over the eradication of hazing from the Academy. It seems that the cadets have taken the very time of all others when they were likely to turn the attention of Congress to themselves to break out in several fresh places at once with "hazing," "running" and fist fighting, all of which are contrary to the rules of the Academy. The latest hazing case, that of Midshipman Kimball, came near resulting fatally as did the fight between Midshipman Merriwether. There have always been two bills introduced in Congress to severely punish hazing and fighting at the Academy, and the superintendent, who himself is an admirable old officer, has done his best to keep the matter within bonds and not have the abhorred civilians of Congress come poking around the school on an investigation trip. In desperation he has put the matter up to Secretary Bonaparte in hopes that the latter would take drastic action and expell the two cadets in question. But Secretary Bonaparte has passed the matter along to the Judge Advocate General of the Navy to see whether he has the legal right to summarily dismiss a cadet, and the result will be if a few more of the midshipmen are killed or maimed by the gods in existance at the Academy, that Congress will take the matter into its rude civilian hands and turn the ancient academy wrong side out and shake it, to the great benefit of the academy.

There was the first tilt of the season this week between the House and Senate over the right of the Senate to inaugurate financial legislation. Of course as any school boy can tell, the Senate has no right under the constitution to inaugurate financial legislation of any sort. Yet in the past few years it has been much prone to this sort of thing under one guise or another, principally in the way of amending House bills. The House has been fretting at what is considered an usurpation of authority, and this week the question came up fair and square on the Panama Canal Bill. It was not a serious matter at all, but there was a principle involved. The House passed the bill with a clause putting the Panama Canal on the same footing as the other government two per cents to make themselves available for bank circulation. The Senate calmly cut out this provision passed a bill of its own originating on the subject and sent it back to the House. Then the House rose in its might and by a rising vote 250 to 0 it threw out the clause of Senate making. This will cause some little delay, though not much in the final passage of the bill. But it has established the principle that the House was after and the chances are that the Senate will be a little more careful of the dignity of the lower house in the future. Of course it may lead to a fight later in the session and in that case the House has the constitution on its side. But then as the immortal Tim Campbell said: "What is the constitution between friends?"

The ways of managing editors are past finding out and truly the managing editors seem to have run mad of late on the subject of personal journalism, which is a polite way of referring to newspaper work that sticks its nose where it has no business. One of the latest and worst examples followed on the official announcement the other day of Miss Roosevelt's engagement to Representative Longworth. Many of the Washington correspondents were inundated with demands for special stories. But the limit was the case of one local man who received a telegram as follows: "Wire immediately 1,000 word interview Nick Longworth's views on race suicide." Needless to say the story has not been sent yet.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 9th day of January, 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. E. BURDICK, Sec'y.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 20, 1905.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 33 feet front and 114 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Have You a Dear Friend

Who is afflicted with Rheumatism? If so tell them that by reason of the cures wrought in the community of Warren, Pa., by Crocker's Rheumatic Cure, a number of business men have associated themselves together to manufacture and extend the sale of the medicine, its taken internally in small doses and the per cent of permanent cures is above the average. For sale at L. K. Hogarth's at 50c per bottle.

Notice of Administration.

In the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased, Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased, late of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to James A. McKean, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JAMES A. MCKEAN,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 7, 1905. Administrator.

Executor's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Samuel Barnes, late of Hamlin township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber; all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to

JUDITH BARNES, Executrix.
P. O. Address, Hazelhurst, Pa.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

For years it has been my custom to carry a large stock of Holiday Goods and this year is no exception.

Instead I have bought a much larger stock of suitable gifts and to-day I can truthfully say that there is no

BETTER GOODS
OR
LARGER VARIETY

in this vicinity. I will not attempt to enumerate the gifts to be fou d on my counters but will mention a few in a general way just to give you an idea of what I have.

HAND PAINTED CHINA
CUT GLASS
TOILET CASES, the largest variety shown in town.
DOLLS, PICTURES and FRAMES
PERFUMES, large assortment of the best
STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES
TOYS and GAMES for the children, the largest and best variety.

H. C. WELLS

A Merry Christmas

Calls for the best in Groceries. We have them for you.

Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Almeria Grapes and Cranberries. Raisins, Figs, Dates, Candied Fruits and Mince Meat.

Brazil Nuts, Paper Shell Almonds, French Filberts, and Walnuts, Pop Corn, Candies, Etc.

The Best Coffe's Grown ..... 16c to 40c per lb.

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

40c Jap. Nibs Green Tea ..... 35c lb.; 3 lbs $1.00
40c B. F. Japs Tea ..... 35c lb.; 3 lbs. $1.00
35c Green Japs Tea ..... 27c lb.; 4 lbs. $1.00

A. E. FOSTER & CO

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Examine it Carefully

you can't help but see the defects. We will put in entire new plumbing or repair the old.

Newest Sanitary Plumbing

like we'd put in might be cheapest in the end. It certainly would insure the health of the family.

Either way. When it comes to plumbing our work and material is recognized as the best.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - -	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS -	$80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

WE ARE READY FOR CHRISTMAS
ARE YOU?

Whatever's wearable is givable and acceptable for a Chrisfmas present. We have everything's that's new, beautiful and excellent in Men's and Boys, Clothing and Furnishings, and our present bargain prices place these things within easy reach of the most modest purchasers.

Men's Smoking Jackets	$5.00 to $8.50	Dress, street and driving gloves	25c to $5.00
Men's Bath Robes	$5.50 to $8.50	Silk Hdkfs.	25c to $1.50
Men's Night Robes	50c to $1.50	Walking Sticks and Umbrellas	75c to $8.50
Men's Pajamas	$1.00 to 3.00	Overcoats	$3.50 to $25.00

The swellest line of neckwear at 50c. straight.

Plain and Fancy Hosiery. Fancy Suspenders, one pair in the box.

Anything exchanged after Christmas.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Call and look over our stock of Christmas Goods

Toys of all kinds for the Children.
GAMES DOLLS IRON TOYS
DRUMS DISHES Etc.

Do not forget to ask for a LADIES HOME JOURNAL STYLE BOOK. Patterns represented in this book always in stock or furnished at short notice.

Our line of dry goods is always complete. Look over my stock before buying and see how much you can buy with little money.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

December 1, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

GRAND DISPLAY OF
HOLIDAY GOODS.

We begin the Christmas Trade with a larger and better selected and more complete stock than ever before.

The store is packed with novelties especially suited for holiday giving, and the usual practical things which bring happiness on Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS DOLLS

A fine showing of dolls, all sizes, all styles, prices 1c to $3.

Children's Linen Picture Book, 5c.

Story Books, 10c.

A large assortment of Christmas Tags, Cards, Postals, Booklets, Ornaments, Christmas Bells, Rosettes, Christmas Greeting Chains, etc.

Our stock of Fancy Goods is the largest we have ever carried including Glove and Handkerchief Cases, Purses, Shopping Bags, Photo Frames, Albums, a variety of Fancy Pin Cushions, Emery Bags, Vases, After Dinner Cups and Saucers, Stamped Linens of all kinds, as Doilies, Laundry Bags, all sizes, Pillow Tops, etc.

An elegant line of Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Gloves and Belts

We are showing new styles in Hats, Coats, Furs, Skirts, Silk Waists, Fancy Wash Waists, Silk Petticoats, Kimonas and Infants' goods. These suggestions will help you in your Xmas shopping.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

TO ALL

Christmas Greeting.

Only two more of the Shopping Days, FRIDAY and SATURDAY. These we will make the most remarkable days in the history of this store.

FRIDAY, DEC. 22, WILL BE MEN'S DAY.

The line of Men's wear will be displayed,

Neckwear and Suspenders, all in fancy cartoons, at 25 and 50c.

Mufflers and Scarfs, all colors, at 75c, $1, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.

Men's Initial Hdkfs., in fact everything in Men's Furnishings.

Slippers, comfortable ones for house at 60c, $1.15, $1.40, $1.75, $2.25.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23

Will outclass all others in Bargains. Everything in the Holiday line will be before your eyes, and prices will be right.

Remember that we are selling you your Xmas goods at dry goods prices, and that the best value on every article is to our buyers.

Our plan is to your interest. Try it.

Be with us Saturday and your Christmas will be a merry one.

Wishing you all of the joy of the season,

YOURS,

The Lindholm Co.

YOUR WIFE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

What Will It Be?

She probably has everything in the way of personal adornment and the sensible thing to do is to buy something of a decorative yet useful character for the house.

This store presents a hundred and one suggestions any of which will surely bring delight to the recipient and satisfaction to the giver.

Why not come in now before the rush, make your selections, have it packed and held for later day?

You will find the stock at its best and besides get an important duty off your mind.

H. H. REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—To-day is the shortest day of the year.

—See "Our New Minister" at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening.

—Remember the dance at the Smethport Lyceum Christmas night.

—The window glass factories will have a vacation Christmas day.

—The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held on Dec. 30, at the usual time and place.

—Mrs. Frank Sartwell entertained a number of ladies at her home on King street Tuesday evening.

—The appointment of R. M. Swisher as postmaster at Mt. Jewett has been confirmed by the Senate.

—Some holiday specials are offered for Friday and Saturday by The Lindholm Company this week.

—Miss Partridge, who has been ill at the home of Hon. B. D. Hamlin, has sufficiently recovered to go to her home in Bradford.

—The Smethport schools close to-morrow for the holiday vacation. The vacation will last until Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1906, when school will open again.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory will be shut down for a week for the Christmas vacation. Many of the workmen will spend the holidays at their native homes.

—The Young Men's Social Club will give a dance at the Smethport Lyceum Christmas night. The Lyceum orchestra will furnish music and a good time is assured. All are invited. Tickets $1.00

—Mrs. H. C. Wells entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening in honor of the teachers of the Smethport schools. The honors were won by Miss Lucile M. Hinman and Harry L. Backus. Excellent refreshments were served.

—At a special meeting of the McKean County Historical Society held in Bradford, it was decided to hold a public meeting at Mt. Jewett during the present month. The society will also affiliate with the American Historical Society.

—Because of special Christmas exercises in other churches, the Masonic fraternity will not meet for worship in the Baptist church next Sunday evening. The invitation remains subject to acceptance at convenience of the F. & A. M.

—Preaching in the East Smethport Union church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, subject "The Greatest Christmas Gift." Rev. Day earnestly invites all people of East Smethport to attend services in the Union church next Sunday afternoon.

—Luther Eastman, an old and respected citizen of Ceres, died at his home last Wednesday from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy which he suffered on the Friday previous. Mr. Eastman was 73 years of age and had resided at Ceres for over fifty years, during which time he had won the respect and esteem of all. He is survived by his widow and five children, Mrs. F. E. Tuft, Mrs. J. W. Bouton and J. B. Eastman of Smethport, Mrs. Coon of Ceres, and Dr. H. B. Eastman of Jamestown, N. Y. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock and burial was made at Myrtle, Pa.

—Next Saturday evening at the Methodist Episcopal church there will be a Christmas supper and tree for the Sunday school in the church parlors. Sunday the services will be as usual, morning topic "The Other Wise Man," in the evening a sacred concert will be given.

—We will issue as usual next week, but as is our custom between the holidays the MINER will have only four pages instead of the usual eight, in order to give the force a little rest. Advertisers should bear in mind that copy for advertisements should be in as early as possible—not later than Tuesday noon.

—Such inscriptions as "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," "With Best Wishes," etc., together with the name and address of the sender, may be written upon fourth class mail matter or upon card enclosed in the package without affecting its classification. The package, however, must not be sealed.

—"Simple Simon Simple" was the attraction at the Lyceum Monday evening and drew a good sized house. This musical cartoon comedy, while lacking the strong features which make these extravaganzas great hits, is a good clean show containing many laughable incidents which pleases an audience.

—Ella Blackwell and Henry Coram recently served sentences in the Bradford lockup for selling beer on Sunday. On Thursday the twain were arrested on a bench warrant, charging them with selling liquor without a license. They were taken to Smethport in charge of Constable Spreter, and will be held awaiting trial at the February term of court of quarter sessions.—Bradford Record.

—"Our New Minister" which will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening, comes well recommended and should have a record breaking house. A number of Smethport people have seen it at other places and all say it is the best play Smethport will have this season and many claim it is the best on the road. The MINER feels safe in personally recommending this play to the theatre goers of this vicinity.

—"Ain't it funny what a difference just a few chorus girls make." Shortly after arriving in town on Monday several members of the Simple Simon Simple company discovered that the skating was good and were seen winding their way to the pond. 'Twas not long before many who had years ago given up the sport had dug a pair of old skates out of the junk room and were gliding over the ice as in days of old when you and I were boys.

—Mrs. O. A. Knox and Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner of Bradford entertained at 7 o'clock dinner at the home of the former on Park street last Thursday evening. Covers were laid for 35 guests, Jamison's orchestra furnished music during the evening and the affair was an enjoyable success. The following Smethport ladies were in attendance: Mrs. F. C. Pierce, Mrs. Clayton Backus, Mrs. F. C. Sartwell, Mrs. John Green, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth and Miss Ida Bennett.

—Stringent measures for the maintainance of order on the ball field were adopted last Friday by the National League of baseball clubs, after which the annual meeting was declared adjourned. The president of the league is vested with absolute power in dealing with managers and disorderly players, and it is evident, from the tone of the resolutions passed on the subject that the national organization is determined to stamp out all forms of rowdyism in the game.

WANTED—To appoint resident agts. in McKean county to represent our full line of lightning rods. For full particulars address Hunt & Leatherman, 103 Market St. Pittsburg, Pa.

New guns and Winchester ammunition at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

An excellent line of Christmas candies at Brasted's.

The Place to buy Toys and everything beautiful for Men Women and Children is at

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

THE CITY STORE.

Personal Mention.

D. M. Brasted had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. E. L. Holmes visited friends in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Zela Brasted visited in Bradford the first of the week.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago, is visiting relatives in town.

E. R. Mayo had business at court in Emporium this week.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Lucile Hinman is home from Edinboro for the holidays.

W. B. Fry was down from Hazelhurst on business Monday.

A. C. McAllister of Colegrove was a visitor in town on Monday.

Ward Weaver is home for the holidays from school in Buffalo.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays transacted business in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Velma Allen of Canisteo, N. Y., visited friends in town yesterday.

Misses Rae and Ida Rubin returned home last evening from a visit to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Rifle of Burtville were Smethport visitors the first of the week.

Messrs. H. H. Redfield, O. J. Hamlin and G. H. McCoy were in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Lydia Grauteer of Newerf, left Monday for Baltimore to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. J. A. Holder is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Studholme, of Port Allegany.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton are in Erie this week, where Mr. Bouton is presiding at court.

E. R. Mayo and family attended the funeral of Mr. Mayo's brother at Emporium yesterday.

Mrs. C. A. Anderson and daughter, Miss Edna, of Colegrove were visitors in town yesterday.

S. A. Powell came over from Ridgway Saturday and passed Sunday with his family in town.

Horace P. King, who is attending Bucknell University, will arrive home to-morrow for the holidays.

Boyer Eckert, who is attending the University of Pennsylvania, is expected to arrive home to-day for the Christmas holidays.

E. Roy Gorton returned from Norfolk, Va., this week where he has served an enlistment in the United States Marines.

Miss Edith McGuire, who is attending school at Chevy Chase, Md., arrived home last evening for the holiday vacation.

Schuyler Smith, who has been visiting relatives in Colegrove and Smethport, returned to his home in Jamestown, N. Y., Monday.

D. M. Shooke left Tuesday for Washington, D. C., to spend the holidays with his daughter, Mrs. Edward Albert. He was accompanied by his grandson, Herbert F. Albert, who has spent the summer with his grandparents.

Miss Iva Adams of Coryville was a pleasant caller at the MINER office yesterday. Miss Adams is a bright little lady of about 12 years and she said when she subscribed for the MINER that she was getting it for her papa for a Christmas present.

Maish Comforts of luminated cotton. Lindholm's.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, December 26

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF MILLER & CONYER'S BIG PRODUCTION OF AMERICA'S GREATEST CHARACTER PLAY

Our New Minister

By Denman Thompson & Geo. W. Ryer

Authors of THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Direct from its third successful engagement in Chicago and fifth in New York City.

This is the original Company and production as seen in New York City and the only one playing this fascinating comedy of New England life.

PRICES:

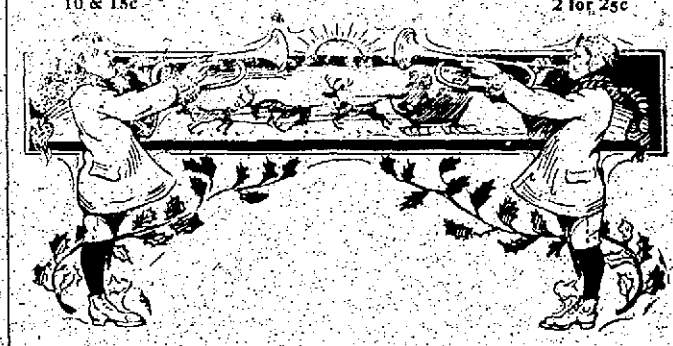
25, 50, 75c and $1.00.

Seats on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Owing to the length of performance and heavy production the curtain will rise at 8:15 sharp.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c



THE VERY BEST TIME IS NOW.

This is the store where the things you want DON'T COST just a little bit more than you'd planned to pay. We have purchased such large quantities of timely merchandise that we've been able to get the manufacturers' very lowest prices—and so—you'll find the things you want here, for A GOOD DEAL LESS THAN YOU'VE BEEN USED TO PAYING. That all means that your Christmas list may be made out generously, and that you'll save substantially on every purchase you make. If Santa Claus himself isn't at this store right now, he OUGHT to be, he'd feel quite at home among the great piles of Holiday Things that crowd even the remotest corners of our building. Come—and at once—if you wish to abolish worries and enjoy every minute you spend in planning for Christmas. Read the list of hints that follows—a few from thousands you'll find here.

FOR CHILDREN			
Air Guns	25c to $1.50	Suspenders	25c to 75c
Toys	10c to $6.00	Handkerchiefs	5c to $1.00
Games	5c to $3.75	Gloves	25c to $1.50
Books	5c to 25c		
Toilet Sets	25c to $1.50	**FOR WOMEN**	
Manicure Sets	25c to 50c	Toilet Cases	25c to $4.50
Mittens	10c to 50c	Manicure Sets	25c to $1.50
Sweaters	50c to $1.50	Handkerchief Boxes	25c to $2.75
Fur Sets	$1.00 to $3.50	Glove Boxes	25c to $2.75
Wool Boas	50c to $1.25	Work Boxes	25c to 50c
Hdkfs. 3 in box	15c to 25c	Mirrors	5c to $2.25
FOR MEN		Pin Cushions	25c to 50c
Military Sets	$1.00 to $4.50	Pin Trays	10c to $1.00
Smoking Sets	25c to $2.50	Crumb Trays	25c to $1.00
Shaving Sets	50c to $2.75	Fancy China	10c to $3.00
Shaving Mirrors	25c to $2.25	Bonnet Brushes	25c to $1.00
Collar & Cuff boxes	25c to $1.25	Silk Shawls	$2.50 to $3.75
Tobacco Jars	50c to $1.50	Fascinators	25c to $1.00
Travelling Cases	50c to $2.75	Gloves	25c to $2.00
Pipe Racks	25c to $2.50	Neckwear	10c to $3.75
Cigar Cases	25c to $1.00	Hosiery	25c to $2.50
Neckwear	25c to $1.00	Handkerchiefs	5c to $1.50
Mufflers	50c to $2.00	Silk Scarfs	$1.00
Umbrellas	50c to $3.50	Pictures	10c to $4.50
		Furs	$2.50 to $28.50
		Belts	25c to 50c

FRY & COMES.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Why not let your gifts be useful. Nothing can be a more constant reminder of the giver than a useful Christmas gift.

Let us suggest the following useful and attractive gifts which we have in stock in great variety.

Chafing Dishes
Baking Dishes
Syrup Sets
Crumb Trays
Coffee and Tea Pots
Bon Bon Dishes
Iron Toys
Pocket Knives
Carving Sets
Silver Knives and Forks
Skates and Sleds
Ingersoll Watches
Carpet Sweepers

See our window displays before buying.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

...PRILL'S...

A big display of Xmas goods, just the things you are looking for. Never has our stock been more complete than it is this season. Have just received a large invoice of European goods

PRILL'S IS THE PLACE FOR HOLIDAY GOODS

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

Atherton's Abduction

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whitehead

Atherton gasped as the porter carefully assisted a young woman to descend the parlor car steps. He had always been told that Grace Belding was a ravishing beauty, but he had grown accustomed to Mabel's exaggerations. This girl was one in a thousand.

He glanced down the long train. No one else was leaving from the parlor cars, so this must be she. With bared head he approached the girl.

"Is this Grace?" he asked, adding by way of explanation, "I am Arthur."

"None other," she assured him brightly as she put up her cheek for him to kiss.

For a moment Atherton was nonplused. It had been something of a liberty not to have addressed her as Miss Belding in spite of the fact that she was his sister's dearest chum. But she had always spoken of him in her letters to Mabel as Arthur, and he had unconsciously fallen into the habit of calling her Grace.

This ready acceptance of the situation and the proffered kiss were rather a surprise, but he decided that western girls, with their freedom from convention, were the right sort after all.

The pleasant ceremony performed, it was but the matter of a moment to get her trunk from the baggage room and rope it behind the seat of the buckboard. She was standing regarding the spirited pair with an appreciative eye.

"What splendid horses!" she cried when he had helped her to a seat and the well matched team struck into their gait.

"Best in this county," declared Atherton proudly. "They'll get you home in no time."

"I had a horse once," she confided, "that could get us there in three minutes."

"Twenty miles in three minutes is pretty fast speeding," he demurred.

"Twenty miles! Your sister wrote the house was only a mile from the station."

"That's her idea of a joke," he explained. "She wrote Bishop Tolliver

"ARTIE ATHERTON," SHE CRIED, "YOU HAVE ABDUCTED MISS GRACE MAYNARD!"

once that we were only a mile and a half from the station, and the poor old man walked eight miles before he gave it up."

"I'm sure," she said, "I do not mind a twenty mile drive behind such horses and"—

"In such company," he said boldly, filling in the bashful pause.

"And company," she assented, slipping her arm confidingly through his. "Do you know, I am so glad he was asked to go. I never had a brother, you see, and I've always wanted one."

"I am a model brother," he assured her. "I can refer you to my sister or to a dozen girls who have promised to be sisters to me."

"Such foolish girls to be content with a brother," she said, and Atherton's subjugation was made complete.

It was a glorious drive through the cool, fresh air of the forest road. After they left the station they almost immediately entered the virgin forest, and Arthur was sorry when the familiar landmarks began to appear.

He thought regretfully of the native fashion in which he had declaimed against the addition of Grace Belding to their camp party and sorrowed over the fact that he had put an emphatic veto upon her being invited to camp for the maple sugar season. He wondered if Mabel had told Grace and whether she was seeking now to disarm his aversion.

But there was something genuine about the girl's desire for his friendship, and he immediately put from him the suggestion. By the time they turned from the road into the drive on their camp property friendship had been cemented.

With a flourish he pulled up at the door, and Mabel came running down the steps. To his surprise neither gave any evidence of recognition.

"Didn't Grace come?" asked his sister anxiously.

"This is Grace," he explained, wondering uneasily what the matter could be.

"Is this Amy?" asked Grace, looking uncertainly from brother to sister.

"I am Mabel Atherton."

"I suppose you are visiting here?" suggested Grace. "Can you tell me where Amy can be?"

"Do you mean Amy Maynard?" demanded Mabel.

"Of course," was the surprised answer.

Mabel sat down upon the steps, shaking with laughter. "Artie Atherton," she cried at last when her laughs ceased, "do you know what you have done?"

"Delivered Miss Grace Belding to you in accordance with my contract," he declared with no ring of conviction in his voice.

"You have abducted Miss Grace Maynard, that's what you have done. Amy was telling me the other day that they were expecting a cousin to come and live with them."

"Then this is not Arthur Maynard?" asked Grace, blushing at the thought of her display of affection.

"A very penitent Arthur Atherton," he admitted. "It is all Mabel's fault. If she had come to the station herself she could have saved you all this trouble and embarrassment."

"If you had verified your suspicions, as you should have done," defended Mabel.

"That's so," he admitted wonderingly. "I merely asked her if she was Grace because she was the only one who left the train from the parlor cars."

"When you said you were Arthur," put in Grace, "I, of course, supposed that it was all right."

"I'll drive you back right after supper," he promised.

"No, you won't," declared Mabel decidedly. "I'm glad you did bring her here. The Maynards went over to Spring lake this morning. They are to be gone three days. I saw them when they drove past. They thought their cousin would not arrive for a week."

"I telegraphed them," explained Grace.

"They are outside of the delivery limit, and there are all sorts of delays. You will stay right here until they come back," declared Mabel hospitably, remembering that it was the death of her parents which brought this girl to the Maynards' protection.

"That's a good girl," said Atherton approvingly as he gave his sister a hug. "I'll go and put up the horses and come back with the groom to take the trunk up."

He was glad to escape for a moment and to accommodate his mind to the new conditions. That he did so was evident that evening as they sat upon the steps of the cottage enjoying the moonlight over the placid waters of the lake.

"Remember," he warned as the girl rose to go in with Grace, "you have promised to be a sister to me."

"A promise made through error," she pleaded.

"It makes no difference," he insisted. "You have accepted me, and I shall insist upon your keeping your pact or"—

"What terrible fate befalls me?" she laughed back.

"I'll tell what happened at the station," he said impressively.

"If you are going to turn blackmailer as well as abductor," she smiled, "I am afraid I shall have to be obedient."

"I'm both under the circumstances," he admitted, "only the next time I hope to make the abduction more permanent."

Even in the moonlight he could see the red stain her cheeks and brow, but she smiled back bravely at him. "I think," she said, "that you have done very nicely for a novice."

But there was that in her tones which told him more.

Where Beecher Got His Sermons.

Wherever he went Beecher continued his study of life through observation. Nothing else was half so interesting. To him man was the greatest study in the world. To read human nature, to place the right values upon men, to emphasize the right thing in them, to be able to discriminate between the genuine and the false, to be able to pierce their masks and read the real man or woman behind them, was an accomplishment which he regarded as one of a clergyman's greatest weapons.

Like Professor Agassiz, who could see wonders in the scale of a fish or a grain of sand, Beecher also had an eye like the glass of a microscope, which reveals marvels of beauty in the dross and common things. He had a magic lying power which sees the miraculous and beautiful in the commonplace. He could see beauty and harmony where others only saw ugliness and discord, because he read the hidden meaning in things. Like Ruskin, he could see the marvelous philosophy, the Divine plan, in the lowliest object. He could feel the Divine presence in all created things.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

An Old Master.

The Rev. Russell Day, an Eton master of the last century, was very strict, and to gain his approval in "saying lesson" was almost an impossibility, at least the author of "Memories of Eton and Etonians" says he found it so. "Little Day," or "Parva Dies," as he was generally called, never prompted a boy, and at the very first mistake, or if the boy forgot a word, he was dismissed at once with:

"Write it out, my friend."

As this same writing out took twenty minutes at least, most of the boys were in the habit of writing it out beforehand in preference to spending a long time trying to learn it and then being called upon by "my friend" to write it out at the first breakdown.

Mr. Day used to suffer from gout or neuralgic pains, and there is a story that once having ordered a boy to "write it out" and then having a sudden twinge he followed it up with "twice, my friend," and when the boy showed some surprise he continued, as another twinge came on, "and once in the Greek character!"

INSURANCE.
Life Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT.
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

TRAITS OF THE ARAB

IMPARTIAL HOSPITALITY IS ONE OF THE MOST MARKED.

An Incident of Real Life That Strikingly Illustrates the Sacredness With Which a Guest, Even Though He Be an Enemy, Is Regarded.

A chief of a party of the bey of Tripoli's troops while pursued by Arabs on a certain occasion during the year 1804 lost his way and was benighted near the enemy's camp. Passing the door of a tent which was open, he stopped his horse and implored assistance, being exhausted by fatigue and thirst. The warlike Arab bade his enemy enter his tent with confidence and treated him with all the respect and hospitality for which his people are so famous. The highest among them, like the patriarchs of old, wait upon their guest. A man of rank when visited by a stranger quickly fetches a lamb from his flock and kills it, and his wife superintends her women in dressing it in the best manner. With some of the Arabs the primitive custom so often spoken of in the Bible of washing the feet is yet followed, and this compliment is performed by the head of the family. Their supper was the best of the fatted lamb roasted, their dessert dates and dried fruit, and the Arab's wife, to honor more particularly her husband's guest, set before him a dish of "bosein" of her own making. This was a preparation of flour and water kneaded into a paste, which, being half baked, was broken into pieces and kneaded again, with new milk, oil and salt, and garnished with "kuliged," or mutton dried and seasoned in the highest manner.

Though these two chiefs were opposed in war, they talked with cordiality and friendship to each other, recounting the achievements of themselves and their ancestors, when a sudden paleness overspread the countenance of the host. He started from his seat and retired, and in a few minutes sent word to his guest that his bed was prepared and all things were ready for his repose; that he was not well himself and would not attend to finish the repast; that he had examined the Moor's horse and found it too much exhausted to bear him through a hard journey the next day, but that before sunrise an able horse, with every accommodation, would be ready at the door of the tent, where he would meet him and expect him to depart with all speed. The stranger, not able to account for the conduct of his host, retired to rest.

An Arab awakened him in time to take refreshments which had been prepared for him before his departure, but he saw none of the family until he perceived on reaching the door of the tent the master of it holding the bridle of his horse and supporting his stirrups for him to mount, which is alone among the Arabs as the last offer of friendship. No sooner was the Moor mounted than his host announced to him that in the whole of the enemy's camp he had not so great an enemy to dread as himself.

"Last night," said he, "in the exploits of your ancestors you discovered to me the murderer of my father. There be all the habits he was slain in (which were at that moment brought to the door of the tent), over which in the presence of my family I have many times sworn to revenge his death and to seek the blood of his murderer from sunrise to sunset. The sun has not yet risen—the sun will be no more than risen when I pursue you, after you have in safety quitted my tent, where, fortunately for you, it is against our religion to molest you after your having sought my protection and found a refuge there, but all my obligations cease as soon as we part, and from that moment you must consider me as the determined foe to your destruction in whatever part or at whatever distance we may meet again. You have not mounted a horse inferior to the one that stands ready for myself, on its swiftness surpassing that of mine depends one of our lives, or both."

After saying this he shook his adversary by the hand and parted from him. The Moor, profiting by the few moments he had in advance, reached the boy's army in time to escape his pursuer, who, following close, gave up the chase as near the enemy's camp as he could with safety. This was certainly a striking trait of hospitality, but it was no more than every Arab and every Moor in the same circumstances would do.—New York Herald.

The Gulf Stream.

The gulf stream is a remarkable oceanic current which derives its name from the gulf of Mexico, out of which it flows, passes into the Atlantic between the coasts of Florida and Cuba and, after flowing along the coast of North America until it reaches Newfoundland, turns abruptly eastward. Side by side then passes southerly to and the Azores, but the larger stream skirts the coasts of the British isles and even reaches to the shores of Scandinavia and Nova Zembla. It varies in velocity at different points of its course. It has an average speed of four or five miles an hour as it issues from the gulf of Mexico; off Cape Hatteras the velocity is about three miles an hour, while off Newfoundland it is reduced to one and a half miles per hour. In its passage across the Atlantic the rate is only four or five miles per day. The gulf stream is said to be fifty miles wide as it flows through the narrowest part of the strait between Florida and Cuba; 150 miles wide off Charleston, S. C., and 300 miles wide off Newfoundland, while in crossing the Atlantic it spreads itself over the surface; total length estimated at 3,000 miles.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EYES OF WILD BIRDS.

They Seem to Possess, at Any Rate, Wonderful Sight.

"We are apt to think and speak of most animals, especially of birds and the smaller quadrupeds, as having peculiarly keen eyesight," says a writer. "But the more one watches them the more one is tempted to believe that in truth their eyesight, as judged by human standards, is extreme indifferent. That many small birds pick up from the ground and feed upon seeds which we, walking by, cannot see is true, but the seeds are as large to them as orangoes to us, and their eyes are not more than one inch or one and a half inches from the ground while they are looking for them. If, moreover, you stoop down, so as to bring your eyes within, say, three feet of the ground where a bird has been gleaning, you will be surprised to see how many seeds visible enough to you, he overlooked. Most small wild animals will also see us long before we see them when we are walking, but if a human being sits motionless there is hardly a wild thing which appears to be able to distinguish him from the surrounding trees and stones.

"Now, the wild or 'brush' turkey of North America is supposed to be one of the keenest sighted birds that live, and very quick they are to take alarm at anything moving. But hunters have discovered (I have shot them and I know) that they are easily called by imitating their note, and also that if, when calling, you sit on the ground in front of a tree instead of behind it they will come right up to you before they recognize your presence. But if you hide behind a tree you must sooner or later look round the trunk. That makes a movement against the sky line, and long before it is possible to get a shot the birds are off. But sitting between them and a tree trunk you can raise your gun to your shoulder and pot them, if you will, at your leisure. It appears to be motion against the light only that catches their eye.

"It is the same with wild geese. The alacrity with which they catch sight of a human head as soon as it breaks the sky line is disheartening enough, but when they have been coming in in the evening to spend the night on a lake I have stood motionless, nearly waist deep in the water, with the full light of the setting sun shining on me and around me on all sides, the surface unbroken even by a patch of reeds for fifty yards or more, and those wariest of fowl, the Canada geese, have come on in their long line, looking like so many trumpeting elephants as they came, flying so low that their wings at each downward stroke nearly touched the water, and have not seen me till their outstretched necks almost touched my chest and they have had to break line to pass on either side."—Chicago News.

A Cheerful Breakfast.

It may be almost said as goes breakfast so goes the day. The appearance of the breakfast table has power for good or ill over the appetite. It is not so much the kind of food placed before one as it is the way in which it is served that makes it inviting or uninviting. So, too, it makes a vast deal of difference whether one sits down to breakfast in a thankful, pleasant frame of mind or in a moody and fault finding spirit. Breakfast should be eaten amid smiles and cheery conversation. Bright looks and merry words are most excellent appetizers and digesters; better tonics than any apothecary can recommend. Nor, if it can be helped, is one's breakfast to be eaten hurriedly. It is much wiser to abridge the morning nap than to abridge the morning meal. If you want to be a pessimist and win the reputation of a chronic grower you are on the right road to success. A generous half hour devoted to breakfast is time well spent. Eat leisurely and not too heartily, and you will be stronger and happier for it all the day. The art of breakfasting right-ly is one of the distinguishing marks of higher civilization.

He Got From Under.

The veteran telegraph operator at lunch took part in the general recounting of incidents and adventures by his fellow craftsmen.

"Out in California several years ago," he said, "I was at the key in the only telegraph office in a rapidly rising town. Early one morning I received a message addressed to the cashier of the best bank from its president, to the effect that his bank had failed and to close the bank's doors and suspend payments until further notice. I had $2,200 in that bank, the savings of eleven years. It was my duty to send the message and see my savings vanish. Then an idea occurred to me. It was not my duty to forward the message personally, and the only boy I had was delivering a dispatch and wouldn't be back for at least an hour. So, with a clear conscience, I slipped on my coat, rushed to the bank and withdrew my deposit. An hour later the crash came, but I was not underneath."

Oranges.

Oranges came originally from India, having been carried westward by the Arabs. The fruit crossed from Africa to Spain with Mohammedanism, while probably the crusaders are to be thanked for bringing it to Italy and western Europe among their trophies of the east. The name is Arabic, "naranj," and of eastern origin, though the legend that it comes from two words meaning "elephant" and "be ill," because elephants ate oranges to make themselves ill, is absurd. Probably in French the initial "n" is dropped off from naranji with the final "n" of the indefinite article, just as "an apron" represents "a napron," and the spelling with an "o" points to false association with "or" (gold).

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Prosser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. T. Walsh, Smethport
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. H. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles Strickland.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hingberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. C. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. S. Appleyard, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Clothier, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Teale.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Hutchinson.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY E. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets, the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 54, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 181, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warriors degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

EPISCOPAL—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. On the services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—Rev. Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Tuesday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days . . . 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points, Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 133, week days . . . 1:01 p. m.
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.
8:20 a. m.—Train 10, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p.m., New York 10:20 p. m., Baltimore 7:20 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars, and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:15 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers not remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.
10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:55 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.
12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:15 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
4:20 p. m.—Train 25, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv		Ar P. M
2:55	Ridgway	11:50
2:40	Johnsonburg	12:30
2:35	Glen Hazel	12:35
2:07	Straight	12:04
2:12	Instanter	12:00
2:20	Smiths Run	10:52
2:29	Woodvale	10:45
2:55	Clermont	10:10
P. M		A. M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:37 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 26, leaving Ridgway 12:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:00 a. m., 12:00 m. and 5:30 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p.m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:30	2	6:15
Mt. Jewett	8:57	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:50
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		3:45
Kane	7:30	10:15	4:09
Mt. Jewett	7:54	12:39	5:06
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Div. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Bawmans & Gilbert R. R.

Effective Jan. 1st, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

2:00 p. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 p. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Bradford (arr. 8:35 p. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 p. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:33 p. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 p. m.

9:00 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:46 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

3:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 3:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 4:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:50 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:00 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:30 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:08 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:00—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:30 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.	STATIONS.	Lv	Westward.	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M. Ar	Dp A.M.	P.M. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10 Ulysses	7.20	2.25 9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10 Crowell	7.27	2.32 9.10
7.46	0	1.57 Carpenter	0	2.34 0
7.40	6.48	1.53 Perkins	7.32	2.37 9.30
7.37	6.45	1.50 New'ld June	7.37	2.42 9.37
0	0	1.45 Newfield	7.41	2.46 0
7.05	6.36	1.41 Gold	7.44	2.49 9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35 Raymond	7.49	2.55 9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24 Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.08 10.02
6.30	6.17	1.20 Coulesburg	8.04	3.09 10.19
6.25	6.10	1.12 Franks	8.12	3.17 10.26
6.15	0	1.05 N. Couds pt	0	3.26 10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00 Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M. Coudersport.		P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15 Ar.	Dp. 8.38	6.00 1.30
0	0	12.13 Hammond	0	0 0
4.05	7.43	12.09 Olmsted	8.33	6.05 1.37
3.59	7.35	12.05 Mina	8.37	6.10 1.37
3.45	0	11.59 Knowlton	0	6.17 0
3.40	7.25	11.55 Roulette	8.47	6.21 1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47 Burtville	8.54	6.28 2.01
3.23	0	11.41 Coleman	0	6.34 0
3.20	0	0 Chem. Wrks	0	0 0
3.15	7.05	11.36 Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40 2.27
P.M.	P.M.	A.M. Dp	Ar. A.M.	P.M. P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with L. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler.
Smethport, Pa.

The Test of His Courage

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by E. S. McClure.

The general looked pleased.

"I think you are the man I want," he said, "and that you can do more service for the cause than by merely joining the army, as you propose. You say you cannot ride a horse, and have never fired a gun nor seen a drill, but that you can swim all day and go a hundred yards under water if necessary. Do you know any other man who *can do* the same?"

"Pete Sweeney, who fishes with me, can swim 'bout as well. He's across the street in a market now, sellin' some fish we brought up."

"Would he like to enter the service too?"

"I reckon he would. Pete's always said he'll join if I did."

"And why haven't you joined before?"

The young fisherman hesitated, then looked squarely into the general's face.

"'Cause I haven't wanted to, sir," he answered. "I didn't see the use, and I

SUDDENLY A GREAT LIGHT FLASHED UPON THEM.

did n't love my feet of getting [illegible] until [illegible] in front of your [illegible]

"Lige Pomeroy, sir."

On the corner stood a girl, apparently engaged in diligently examining the contents of a window. Lige went straight to her.

"Well, I've listed, Sally," he announced briefly, "and listed Pete too. It wasn't that I was afraid, as I told you, but I didn't see the use."

The girl had flashed on him with a startled look at the first words. Now she made a visible effort at self control, biting her lips with the color coming slowly to her face.

"It isn't much to enlist," she said sharply. "The courage tells when it comes to fighting. You'll back out yet, Lige Pomeroy. I've never forgot how Ben Peprell slapped your face and you turned and hurried off into the woods."

"Ben Peprell was smaller than me, Sally, and he was an old man and drunk. It—it wa'n't easy for me to go into the woods that day. I had to do it, or—or done something I'd been sorry for afterward."

"You ran off, and there were a hundred people looking, and they hooted," the girl said mercilessly. "Now you say you've listed, but it's likely for a month or two of drilling round the camp. When orders come for you to be sent to the front there'll be plenty of time to run off again."

The words were bitter, but there was something behind them which caused Lige to glance at her quickly, only, however, to meet flashing eyes and curling lips.

"From the way the general spoke I think there'll be some front work to-night," he answered slowly. "Only it 'ud n't any use for you and me to talk, Sally. We never seem to get anywhere."

The general was writing when Lige and Pete were ushered into his presence by an orderly. Presently he turned from his desk.

"It will be a terrible night," he said. "Do you think you can reach Cane Point through the storm and besieging vessels?"

They started. Cane Point was over a mile down stream and surrounded by such a network of snags and sunken limbs that it was considered perilous even by daylight. The general watched their keenly.

"In addition to natural dangers," he observed significantly, "there are doubtless explosives placed in the river by the enemy. Are you two ready to risk all chances?"

"If you'll let us," they answered.

"Very well. Here are two dispatches exactly alike. If one of you fails, the other may succeed. You will go to the little cabin under the three live oaks and give the papers to a cripple you will find there. If you succeed, show a light from Live Oak hill. A lantern swung in a half circle will answer." He paused a moment, then added in an impressive voice: "The papers must not be seen by the enemy, and, if necessary, you must die yourselves to insure their destruction. Now go."

There was a little of the excitement of battle as they removed their clothing on the wharf and fastened the waterproof bags containing the dispatches more securely about their necks, nothing but the solid wall of blackness around, which was now and then cut by a lightning's flash, showing glimpses of the black hulls of the silent watch dogs which invested the city.

The current was in their favor, but the wind blew against them. However, it served to deaden the sound of the waves against their faces. As they neared the line of gunboats they swam as lightly as possible, keeping all but their faces under water. The darkness was full of ears now. One by one they fell farther than saw the dark hulls glide by. Frequently they had to sink under water as a sudden flash showed sentinel forms within a few yards.

A dozen times they were on the point of being discovered, but escaped by a seeming miracle. Sometimes their hands would encounter the side of a vessel before they were aware of its vicinity. Since leaving the wharf neither had dared to speak. Once or twice Lige fancied from his companion's labored breathing that he was becoming exhausted.

Suddenly, as they were moving along side by side, a great light flashed upon them from the deck of a vessel close by and a dozen stern faces met their gaze. They sank instantly, and a shower of bullets rained upon the water. Second after second passed, and a glimpse of a white face was seen several rods down the river and was met by another patter of bullets. A little to the right a second white face showed for an instant and received a similar welcome. Some minutes passed, and a dark spot appeared still lower down. A perfect storm of bullets almost instantly fell about it.

A few more seconds and then some body said, "I guess they're done for." The lights disappeared, and the vessel returned to its dark watchfulness.

In his quarters the general paced up and down uneasily. He had reckoned much on the success of this enterprise. It meant much to the cause. In spite of its apparent impossibility he had hopes that the young fisherman might succeed—had almost brought himself to believe that they would.

But as the hours went by he ceased to glance toward Live Oak hill. The enterprise had failed, and the brave boys were at the bottom of the river.

Suddenly, as he passed the window, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Surely there was a light on Live Oak hill, a lantern swinging to and fro. Even as it moved a brother officer entered the room with beaming face. The two grasped hands.

Meanwhile Lige alone, was being given some hasty attention by a tall man who seemed to have forgotten his supposed crippled condition as he moved hurriedly about the cabin. Lige was covered with bruises and cuts and blood flowed freely from a dozen or more wounds. Eventually he emerged out with little injury save the scars.

And a year afterward Sally, in whose eyes the one time scorn had long since turned to love and admiration, declared those same scars were not scars, but decorations.

The Cry of the Owl.

Recently in south Devon, England, a rector was explaining to his Sunday school children the clauses of the "Te Deum" when it occurred to him to ask, "What are cherubim?"

The answer promptly came back, "White owls, sir."

"What are seraphim, then?" asked the astonished rector.

"Brown owls, sir."

"Why do you think so?" he further inquired.

"Because, sir, it says, 'Cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and that is owls, sir."

That this belief is not one wholly of the present day the author of "Bird Life and Bird Lore" bears witness, for he quotes from a book published early in the last century, which contains a chapter entitled "Cherubim Shooting."

The book is "Sporting Anecdotes" and tells of two cockney sportsmen who succeeded in bringing down a white owl, a bird they had never seen before. It threw itself against a bank and, drawing up its claws, as its manner is, spread its large wings until it seemed to be all eyes and wings.

One of the sportsmen gazed at it in horror and exclaimed, "Heaven forgive us, we have shot a cherubim!"

How About "Ez?"

No two people in the world have precisely the same idea as to what constitutes the highest enjoyment of which they are capable. Mrs. Jennings had an ideal which did not appeal at all to the person who should have been in fullest sympathy with her.

"Go to the picnic? No, I guess not!" And the energetic woman looked scornfully at the acquaintance who had ventured to suggest such a mishap. "I don't enjoy lugging my food three or four miles into the bush for the sake of letting other folks criticise it and get all eat up with gnat flies into the bargain. My notion of pleasure is something quite different."

"What is your notion of pleasure?" inquired the visitor curiously.

"Well, I expect to have about as good a time this afternoon as ever I need," said Mrs. Jennings briskly. "We've got a load of Josiah Pond's elegant stove wood coming this morning, and when my work's done this afternoon I'm planning to take my crochet work out into the shed, where it's cool and shady, and watch Ez saw and split for a couple of hours. That's what I like about as well as anything I can think of. I do admire to see things going on."

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Scalp Should Be Cleaned Carefully and a Soft Brush Used.

Dr. George W. Spellen, writing in the American Physician on the care of the hair and scalp, says:

"Boys and men think they have to have their scalps and hair scrubbed with soap and water and then dried by violently rubbing with a rough towel or submitted to a most wonderfully beneficial preparation, called a shampoo, which leaves the scalp in a tender and congested condition favorable for infection and sensitive atmospheric changes.

"The cleaning of the scalp should be very carefully and tenderly performed, using warm water with a mild soap, rubbing in gently and with the ends of the fingers, then rinsing with cold water and drying by gently pressing the hair and scalp with a very dry towel, continuing until thoroughly dry, or, better still, dry it by combing. If any application is necessary to bring hair that has dried into shape, dampen with a bichloride of mercury solution of one (two-thousandths).

"Ordinarily, this thorough cleaning need not be done oftener than once a week, and in the interim the hair needs only to be brushed with a soft brush without allowing the brush to scratch the scalp.

"The stiff brush, and especially that most injurious of all brushes, the military brush, which is frequently used for months several times daily until it becomes filled with dirt, can only be of great injury to the scalp because of the vigorous scratching as well as breaking the hair."

ANGRY AT THE MOON.

Untaught Dear Mates Resent Its Apparent Attitude Toward Them.

The moon appears to be the center of every untaught deaf mute's cosmogony. With only one exception that I have been able to find, untaught deaf mutes all resent the moon's apparent superiority as attitude toward them.

"When I went to my bedroom the moon chased me. I faced the moon. I made faces at the moon."

"When I went to walk the moon chased me. I faced the moon. I made faces at the moon."

As a standard to estimate subtle emotions, the deaf mute's view is considerable influence upon the mental life of the uninstructed deaf. One teacher has elected to impress it by means to feel when perfectly natural. He tried to kill the moon.

"The moon went wherever I did. I hated the moon, and I was afraid of it. My mother said I went to call on Mrs. Smith across the Delaware river. I was afraid of the moon. I was on the water. I said in signs that I was afraid to cross the bridge. My mother covered my eyes with her handkerchief, so I *could not see the moonbeams* on the water. She held my hand tight. Frank of Emmerson with to let me take Johns. gun. She put cap and powder on the gun. I shooted at the moon. The gun made fire and smoke. The moon went behind clouds. I thought I had killed the wicked moon. I was very glad that the moon was dead."—Sarah Harvey Porter in Reader.

Two Freaks of Nature.

Two contrasting freaks of nature are the Island of Fire and the Lake of Snow. The Island of Fire is called the Home of Hot Devils. It is situated in the midst of a large lake of boiling mud in the island of Java. The steam and gases which arise from the sticky mud form themselves into bubbles attaining the diameter of five or six feet and sailing high up in the air like balloons, carried hither and thither by the wind and finally exploding with a loud crash.

The biggest snow lake is seen from the summit of Hispar pass, in the Karakoram range. It is more than 300 square miles in area. In Switzerland the sea of ice might better be called the sea of snow, as the surface is broken up by solar heat, which makes a minute fissuring in the ice, giving it the appearance of snow.

Catching Pheasants.

There are more ways of catching birds than by putting salt on their tails. One of the oldest and at the same time most successful is the use of a lime smeared paper bag used for capturing pheasants. The slender, coiled shaped bag is fastened to a twig after the coating of lime has been put on the inside and a few peas are dropped in for bait. Attracted by the peas, Mr. Pheasant thrusts his head into the mouth of the trap, and, presto, he cannot withdraw it, so must walk around thus decorated until finally he drops dead from suffocation.

Slow Progress.

"Yes, indeed," said young Kuttow, "I'm raising a mustache; been nursing it for a month. Never raised one before, y' know, and I'm rather curious about what color it will be when it's full grown."

"Well," replied Miss Peppery, "at that rate it will probably be gray."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Citing an Exception.

"Art," said the moralizer, "can never successfully imitate nature."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "How about artificial ice?"—Chicago News.

Uncomplimentary.

"Ah, Miss Ethel, I can read your inmost thoughts, y'know."

"Oh, Mr. Champleigh, then please don't get insulted!"

Not Selfish.

He—Do you believe in every man for himself? She—Oh, no! I believe in every man for some woman.

Rose Time

By MARGARET RICHARDS

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Every morning at half past 11 Aunt Martha opened the side door and came down the path between the verbenas and sweet williams.

"Edith!" she called. "E-dith!"

"Coming, Aunt Martha," you said.

Then you anchored your fairy boat (which was really a hammock) under the big oak and scampered down the path, your head bobbing behind you.

"Dinner, Aunt Martha?" you asked, breathlessly.

Always the same. Though she called you every morning and though you saw the little white basket on her arm, you had always to ask the same question: "Rose time, dinner, Aunt Martha?"

She just stood smiling at you, and you took the little white basket proudly. Very stately it and proper you were as you walked down the garden path—shoulders back, toes out, light brown bobbing serenely.

"Do not falter," she had said, and you did not, although Guy, your huge Newfoundland playfellow, raced after you, cut in the path.

"Not now, Guy," you said firmly, and he dropped his stick and followed you sedately. Down the wide path between the hollyhocks you went, across the bridge below the lawn, stopping a minute by the water to cool your flushed face and watch the ripples sparkling in the sunshine. Guy looked at you expectantly, all ready for a plunge, but you shook your head reservingly. "No sticks at rose time, Guy." Then along the wide sunny road and in at the other Aunt Martha's through the little white gate that was always open for you.

The "other Aunt Martha" was the most wonderful person you knew. Even now, sometimes, when your own little girl brings you roses and you bury *your face in their fragrant depths* and close your eyes, you can see the other Aunt Martha as you used to see her, her little cap on her gray curls, standing among her roses in the golden sunlight of that long ago. The bees hummed among the blossoms, a little breeze stirred the lilacs, and a shower of pink petals dropped silently. You walked softly down the narrow path between the roses to where her arms full of fragrant pink blossoms, she waited, smiling, for you.

But there came days when you did not go after the roses, and you hid in the hollyhocks when Aunt Martha called you. That was the awful time of her great disobedience and its dreadful result.

When it was afternoon and you were tired of playing with Guy or sailing in the fairy boat and the sun shone in flaunting golden beams through the twisted branches you sat on the porch in your little chair. Your frock was the color of the little white clouds; your sash was as blue as the sky. You were very clean and proud and beautiful as you rocked and rocked and rocked.

Aunt Dora stood in the open doorway with a letter in her hand and eyed you doubtfully.

"Let me take it, Aunt Dora," you cried, springing up from your little chair. It was fine for a little girl to walk down to the postoffice all alone, just as though she were grown up.

Aunt Dora still looked doubtful. "It is a very important letter," she said, and then all her face went pink like the roses in her belt.

You looked and pondered.

"Why do people's faces go like roses?" you asked.

"Do they?" she asked and laughed, and then she laughed again and kissed you, and you went down between the hollyhocks, carrying the letter proudly in your hand.

Aunt Dora was not married like Aunt Martha. She was a beautiful princess, and some day a fairy prince would come and she would go away with him in a golden coach—

Over the hills and far away,
Beyond their almost purple rims.

That was from the book she read you on Sundays. You had looked and looked, but you had never seen the purple rims. All the hills you knew had trees on them and were green. Perhaps they might look different from the river. You were usually a good little girl, and you knew that good little girls minded their aunties, and you had been forbidden to go down by the river, but you suddenly felt that you must see those purple rims.

Down you went, along the close cropped grass, out on the large, flat, slippery rock, and then it happened—how you never knew—that you were in the water, and then Guy was in the water, too, tugging at your frock; then you and Guy were both all wet and safe and dripping on the shore.

"The important letter—got that, too, Guy!" you cried, pointing to a white speck drifting down the stream. But Guy only barked and barked and licked your face with his great pink tongue.

Retribution had been swiftly fastening its grim hand on you and shadowing all your little work. "What would they say?" your wondered numbly, dragging wet, heavy little feet across the lawn and up between the hollyhocks and through the slanting golden bars of sunlight on the porch.

"Bless me!" cried Aunt Martha. "What has happened to the child?" And you stood with shamed, bowed head while the water from your frock dripped in little brown rivulets across the golden bars and Guy leaped and barked around you and confessed the story of your disobedience.

Suddenly, swiftly, Aunt Dora bent and clasped you tight in her warm, lovin[illegible] and held your little wet [illegible] and [illegible] she [illegible] you rose you [illegible] grasping on your [illegible] you loved her! Later, when you lay all [illegible] and dry and comfy in [illegible] she came again.

"Did you mail the letter, dear?" she whispered softly, and because you loved her dearly and because she might be unhappy if she knew about the *important letter you nodded your small head "Yes."*

How that little word haunted you in the days that followed! It peeped at you from between the hollyhocks; it trembled in the sunbeams stealing through the trellised leaves; it stared at you when you flung yourself, face downward, in the long quivering grass. The daisies nodded it; the birds sang it; you cared no longer even to play with Guy.

You were unhappy, but Aunt Dora was unhappier still. Her sweet face was white and sad; soft, dark shadows lay under her dear eyes.

You pondered.

Was it possible that an important letter, swept downstream, could trouble one even though one did not know?

You would ask Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Nelson never laughed at you. That was why you liked him. He did not laugh now as you stood, a tired, anxious little figure at his office door, while all around you whirred and clanged the machinery of his great mills.

"Suppose an important letter were lost. Would it matter even if one did not know?" you asked.

Afterward, when you had been put in a big chair by the open window and had something nice and cool to drink, you made it clearer.

Mr. Nelson listened with never a word until you had quite finished, and when he did speak he had a queer, funny little catch in his voice.

"It might have made a difference, a very great difference," he said.

Then when he saw how heavily you tried to hold back the tears that would come he took your hand in his and squeezed it hard.

"I am very glad [illegible] ing in that," he said presently, quite as though you were a real grown lady.

And then Mr. Nelson drove you back home again in a high, shiny cart, and you sat up very straight and proper beside him, while Guy ran behind.

Aunt Dora was waiting between the hollyhocks, and when she saw you and Mr. Nelson her face, which had been white and anxious, grew suddenly a beautiful pink.

"Oh!" she said and held out her hands and then dropped them again.

With one great flying leap Mr. Nelson was out of the high cart and in the path beside her, holding her hands tight in both his own.

"Dora, Dora, my dearest girl," he said brokenly, "is it true that you would? Is it true that it was you after all?"

Then you clambered out of the cart as best you could and scampered with Guy across the grass to the big old elm. How happy you were! You sang; you danced; you raced with Guy; you sailed in the fairy boat to Isles of shimmering green.

Out of the corner of your eye you saw the side door open, and Aunt Martha came down between the verbenas and sweet williams. She had a little white basket on her arm.

"Edith! E-dith!" she called.

"Coming, Aunt Martha," you said.

Beyond His Expectations.

When the first edition of Thomson's "Seasons" came out the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliott of Minto, afterward lord justice clerk, who had shown him great kindness.

Sir Gilbert showed the book, which was really a credit to the publisher, to his old gardener, who was a relation of Thomson's. The old man took it in his hands, turning it over and over and gazing at it in evident admiration. Sir Gilbert asked:

"Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? There's a book that will make him famous all the world over and immortalize his name."

David, looking first at Sir Gilbert and then at the book, replied proudly:

"In truth, sir, it is a grand book. I did no think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft as that."

And without a glance inside the handsome covers the gardener handed the book back to his employer, repeating his surprise that his poor poetical relative should have attained to such praiseworthy work.

British Sailor's Qualifications.

We are so often told that the service is going to the dogs that it is quite refreshing to find naval matters, even in Nelson's day, in a hopeless muddle. This one gathers from a satirical list of qualifications for an admiralty appointment at the end of the eighteenth century:

"He should know nothing of a ship.

"He should never have been to sea.

"He should be ignorant of geography.

"He should be ignorant of naval tactics.

"He should never attend office until 4 in the afternoon.

"He should be unfit for business every day.

"He should be very regular in keeping officers waiting for orders.

"He should not know a bumboat from a three decker.

"His hair should always be well dressed.

"And his head should be empty."

The desired man must have been found. Within a few years the battle of St. Vincent, the battle of the Nile and the battle of Trafalgar had been fought.—London Chronicle.

CONDUCTING A BUSINESS.

Usually Trouble When Head of the Firm Takes It Easy.

Conducting a business is like rolling a huge boulder up a hill. The moment you cease to push it, the moment you take your shoulder from it and think you will rest and take it easy, the boulder begins to crowd back upon you, and if you are not careful it will either run over and crush you or get away from you altogether and go to the bottom with a crash. It is necessary to be everlastingly pushing, following up the boulder, keeping it going, in order to get it to the top of the hill.

One of the greatest dangers of early prosperity in any line is a tendency to relax effort. Many a man ceases to grow when his salary is raised or when he is advanced to a higher position. Many a business man, after he has built up a large business, ceases to exert himself, and the moment he pauses in his campaign of pushing and struggling, the moment he begins to relax in giving his close personal attention, his business ceases to advance, and fatal dry rot sets in—one of the worst diseases that can seize on any individual or concern.

The man who attempts to run a business, large or small, must keep his finger constantly on its pulse in order to detect any rise or fall of temperature, any irregularity or any jar in the machinery. When the head of a firm is trying to take it easy, there is usually *trouble somewhere.*—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

DRAMA IN 1765.

Plays Were Acted Under Great Difficulties at That Time.

Here is an account of the suckling of a theater in New York from the Gazette of May 9, 1765: "The play advertised to be acted last Monday evening having given offense to sundry and divers inhabitants of this city, who thought it highly improper that such entertainments should be exhibited at this time of public distress, when great numbers of poor people can scarce find means of subsistence, whereby many persons might be crippled to neglect their business and squander that money which is necessary to the payment of their debts and the support of their families, a rumor was spread about the town that if the play went on the audience would meet with some disturbance from the multitude.

"This prevented the greatest part of those who intended to have been there from going. However, many people came and the play was begun, but soon interrupted by the multitude, who burst open the doors and entered with noise and tumult. The audience escaped in the best manner they could. Many lost their hats and other articles of raiment. A boy had his skull fractured and was yesterday trepanned. Death is his. Several others were sorely set upon and injured. But we heard of no lives lost. The multitude immediately demolished the house, carried the pieces to the common, where they consumed them in a bonfire."

Ingenuity of the Quail.

Quail leave the nest the moment they are hatched. They have been seen running through the grass with bits of shell clinging to them. They do not stay in the nest a moment longer than necessary to get their "land legs," but run away through the grass, followed by the mother, who watches over them until they are old enough to take care of themselves. When suddenly surprised by a man or dog, the mother will try to draw attention away from her brood by running along the ground with drooping wing, pretending to be wounded. The young quail flatten themselves out on the ground and remain motionless. When the mother has succeeded in enticing the object of her fear a sufficient distance from her young, she will suddenly rise and fly away with the swiftness of an arrow.

The Squirrel Fish.

On account of the peculiar barking noise which is characteristic of squirrels a certain odd looking member of the finny tribe is called a squirrel fish. One might expect such a fish to possess a gray color or to be supplied with a tail like that of the squirrel, but beyond the bark there is no other resemblance displayed in the namesake. In color the squirrel fish is a brilliant red, which makes it a conspicuous inhabitant of the sea as it darts here and there with quick, alert movements. The body of the squirrel fish shows a few stripes and is well covered with sharp spines.

Common Names.

All nations have their Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons. In France the name which is used to signify one of a very large number of men as Smith is sometimes figuratively used with us, is Durand, the commonest name in the French directories. In Berlin and other cities of north Germany Herr Meyer is Mr. Smith. But in some parts of Germany the name of Schulze is the most common name.

Encouragement.

New Clerk—I think I understand the business pretty well now, Employer—Yes? Keep at it four or five years. Perhaps you'll understand it then as well as you think you do now.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Used to Questions.

Lawyer—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions? Fair Client—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a six-year-old son.

A girl feels flattered when told she looks well in anything, but a wife thinks such a compliment only a plot to get her to wear old clothes.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

Christmas Greens

A Christmas Story

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"Christmas without greens! Impossible! There surely must be some of a sort in this big farming world," Leona said almost tragically.

Her cousin and host, Amos Baker, shook his head.

"None nearer than Sinking Fork," he said. "That's twelve miles off, and the chances against finding anything even there—the hills are so low and the valley hardly worth the name."

"You must take me to the head waters. I know I shall find what I want there," Leona said imperiously. "Get out the wagon—trot out! Why, it's nearly Christmas in ten days or. I know a way to keep greens fresh."

"Won't you say please?" Amos asked, bantering as he went toward the door. Leona ran after him with the prettiest face of contrition.

"Of course I will and thankly, sir, and anything else in the world you ask," she said, laying her hand on his arm.

He smiled at her. "Suppose I should ask you to say 'Yes' to Norrie Gordon. I've a great mind to do it. If Norrie is my brother-in-law, he's worth a dozen of that other fellow."

"Hush. You are sure there is another fellow?" Leona queried sanely, but with a pretty flush.

Amos looked supernaturally wise. "There must be," he said. "Cindy three times a week and flowers and gimcracks till the carrier wishes rural free delivery had never been thought of—those are signs I've never yet known to fail."

"You should not jeer. It's ungentlemanly, even in your private mail box," Leona said severely, pursing her lips.

Amos shook his head at her. "You shouldn't flirt," he said, "but today I'm bound to give you a chance. Norrie will go with you on this ferlorn excuse because I'm going to go somewhere else."

"How nice! Norrie is never saucy," Leona said, with a dimpling smile. It made her so enchanting that Norrie, just then racing through the door, lost his heart over again for at least the twentieth time. The losing gave him a fearful joy. He too had read and interpreted the signs of the post, but as he climbed into the wagonette and sent the horses away at a slapping pace he put all thought of this unknown rival from him, resolved to enjoy at least one blissful day basking in the sunshine of Leona's smiles.

Presently the way bent at almost a right angle. Norrie reined in there and said, letting his free hand rest over Leona's clasped ones: "The fork is just ahead, but you'll find nothing there. I know. I hunt around it every fall. I wonder if you dare go down in the hills with me? There you can get loads of things—green cedar, cross vine, ferns and big green briers with leaves like wax. I know of a holly bush, too, full a chump of pines"—

"Why aren't you taking me to them?" Leona interrupted, her eyes dancing.

Norrie smiled back at her, but there was an anxious undertone in his voice as he answered: "Because they're a long way off, not too far for the horses, but so far we'd be in the night getting home."

"As if that mattered," Leona said scornfully, "when you know my heart is set on giving those dear ladies such a Christmas as they never saw. Your sister Amy says I may do just what I please. I please to have a Christmas tree, with the whole house trimmed to match. Drive on—like the wind. Sancho and Sally will have a long rest while you are helping me hack and hew."

"Just as you say, ma'am," Norrie answered suspiciously meek. "But if I find the tree hewn, to say nothing of cutting it down, I'm to have my choice of whatever is on it or under it. Is that a bargain?"

"It has to be, but I never thought you'd be such an extortioner," Leona said loftily, although her eyes twinkled. Then she fell silent, drinking in the joy of the sunshine, of the rapid whirl through the soft December days.

The landscape grew more barren, more broken, the fields more stuffer, the farmhouses meaner and less thrifty. By and by the road ran down a steep ridge, only to climb an opposite one steeper still. The sun had begun to sink. Norrie looked up at it apprehensively, then sent the blacks faster. A mile further on he stopped and sprang out, saying as he lifted Leona to her feet, "You'll want your supper before you get it, I reckon, but here we are."

Leona cried out in raptures. Before her stood a clump of pines. On beyond down the rocky slope lay matted armfuls of long, lacy fronds. The green briers also were in evidence. She caught up Amos' pruning shears and began to cut things right and left. She was so intent that she did not see Norrie slip away, but very shortly she looked up to see him dragging in a fine young holly full of scarlet berries. "The kids never saw anything like it," he said as he hoisted it into the wagonette and made it fast there. Then he fell to work, wrenching up ferns in armfuls and tearing down mats of brier. Leona looked at him with something of awe. He was so slight and light on his feet, she had never credited him with the thews and sinews of manhood. Insensibly she contrasted him with the other fellow, the city fellow, who could and would give her millions—millions which had almost tempted her to accept the man, albeit she knew she did not love him truly. If she had asked him to set his hand to hard things for her pleasure she could fancy his look of amazed disgust.

Still she could not whistle him down the wind. She was proud, ambitious, luxury loving, not the least bit suited to be a farmer's wife. And Norrie Gordon loved his land and his vocation so well ever to be anything but a farmer. With a sigh she told herself she should no doubt end by taking Ennis Loring. Suppose he should accept her casual invitation and come down to Longly, the Baker place, for the holidays! How bare and cramped the life would appear to him—a life wherein the circus made the event of the year and going to church of Sundays was as much a diversion as a duty.

Something of all this floated vaguely through Leona's mind as she watched Norrie at his joyous obedience.

"The best branches are over on that far side," he said, flinging off his coat and scuffling out of his shoes. "We'll take just half a dozen. The tree won't miss 'em. I'd have to leave it rugged. Somehow this clump seems to belong to me. I found it first when I was little more than a boy."

Almost before she knew it he stood among the branches, breaking and cutting slender stems. Leona ran to pick them up as they fell. "Stand back!" he called to her, at the same time reaching for an especially tempting bough. The wood of it was tough. It bent where he thought to break it, and instead of snapping it crushed in to stringy fibers. Norrie had the impulse of mastery even over inanimate things. Forgetful that he was twenty-five feet in air, he gave the bough a jerk so energetic it made him lose his balance and come crashing earthward. But there were boughs lower down, and somehow he clutched one with his right arm, swung himself up to it and clambered back to the trunk. Coming down this, Leona saw him hitch himself along in a way wholly unlike his ascent. She did not know the reason until he stood by the wagonette saying almost apologetically: "I reckon you'd better drive on the way home. My left arm hit that big limb when I fell and put itself out of business."

* * * * * * * *

Longly farm at Christmastide made the neighbors stare. Amy had insisted upon a party. It would never, never do to waste all Leona had brought to pass simply upon the family. Greens were everywhere—over doors and windows, in nooks and corners and up and down the broad stairway. The tree, too, was a vision with tapers gleaming through its coral wealth and all manner of tinsel ornaments sparkling amid its green leafage. The tinsel had come from the city. So had the other fellow.

Leona had been paste stricken at the outset. Now a sunny peace possessed her spirit. Since she had seen Norrie toppling against the evening sky—falling, it might be, to his death for his lady's whim, she had begun to question her own heart more closely than ever before. What answer had rewarded the questionings she did not tell. But Ennis Loring had found her more softly, more subtly fascinating than ever and was ready for her sake to keep terms with all the rural world. It amused him, of course, that the tree bore such wondrous fruitage. Trees were not Christmas commonplaces roundabout Longly, so all the people thereabout had sent their gifts to be piled at the tree's foot and thence distributed. After they were distributed there would be supper, then the dance. Norrie would have to be a looker on. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling.

Amos ought to have been Santa Claus, but had flatly refused. So Leona herself, made up into a startling Christmas fairy, with a black half mask and a pair of realistic wings, apportioned properly the Christmas tree's fruit, saying things that fitted most cases beautifully and so doubled the value of the presents. Nobody had been forgotten. Ennis Loring stood hugging a huge tin horn. Norrie's sound arm was fairly heaped with bulging parcels, topped with a toy automobile. Then the fairy lifted from the litter of moss and greenery at the tree's foot a huge pair of spectacles and clapped them upon her own eyes. "I am looking for—the person I belong to," she said clearly. Everybody held breath as she walked up to her two lovers, who by some chance stood side by side. For a breath she studied their faces intently, a beautiful flush showing below her half mask; then, with a little laughing cry she laid her hand upon Norrie's, saying very low, "This is what you get for finding me these Christmas greens."

Good Story, Bad Copy.

The impression that only about 10 per cent of the manuscripts submitted to publishers ever see the light of print is, according to observations made by a former newspaper man and now manager for a big publishing house, erroneous. "There is a demand for good stories among publishers in New York that is hardly met by the product," says the manager. "Any manuscript, decently written and with any merit whatever, is bound to receive careful consideration. More than that, I have in mind a case in which the first consideration was not met, and yet the story was accepted and published. A California woman sent to a large house a 20,000 word story written on what appeared to be discarded curl papers. Yet so conscientious was the reader that he waded through a great part of it under protest, and, behold, he found a gem! A poorly written story, no matter how good the plot or interesting the theme, has little show, but writers should not be discouraged by reports of harsh or indifferent treatment at the hands of publishers."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pinched It.

"I hear that old Skinflint has got religion."

"Has he? He must have run across a chance to cheat somebody else out of it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Can Throw It Straight.

It is said that a woman never hits anything when she throws a rock, but she smashes the target when she throws a hint.—Dallas News.

Looking Forward.

"Progress is becoming extremely rapid."

"Yes, indeed. In the year 3000 or so lightning will have to get a move on if it wants to be considered fast."

TYPEWRITERS' MISTAKES.

Some Blunders That Make the Employer's Life a Burden.

In typewriting, life systems an arbitrary sign may stand for one, two or even three words. Sometimes the misinterpretation of one of these signs leads to funny results.

"The aged shocked the nation to the heart's core" was what was said, and the typewriter evolved "The dead choked the nation to the hard ear." "Its rumor was but transient, though," was hardly recognizable as "The rammer was trains end through." A rear end collision was evidently in that girl's mind.

"As mamma fed the Jews," was impolitely corrected by another young woman into "As mamma fed the jays." Yet she was a Sunday school teacher.

"Mrs. Cowles and Knights the philosophers" proved the supreme day mouthful. "Sweet Home" of some professional singers. When the typewriter tapped out "Press grass and leaves the basement" he or she must have change closely.

"I, the voice of Dr. Jocelyn was heard calling for assistance," and it came out "The vice of Dr. Josh Lane was hard killing for assistance."

When "But she held Jake too dearly for that girl so passed on" was dictated and it came out "But she held Jacks, two, drawing for that, and so passed one," would it have been unjust to credit the girl at the machine with an elementary knowledge of gambling?

Occasionally a new beast or bird is discovered by the typewriter, thus, "The sea quail was," etc., the intention being "The seal was," etc. This was in line with a blunder made by the same girl, who had avowed that "a gull sank the schooner" instead of "a gale." On another occasion she declared that a pair of lovers "hatched up a pretty squirrel" instead of their having "patched up a petty quarrel."

Having confessed that once upon a time she had been a waitress in a popular restaurant, the reason is clear why "Eqist the males of the dynasty" was clicked out. "First, the meals of the dinnerety." This sounds like a "mistle up," but it is fearful fact.

"The president was heard with acclaim," dictated the man. "The present was hard with a clam" was what the typewriter insisted that he had said as she tearfully hunted for her notes.—Success Magazine.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

I have a very complete line of

FANCY GROCERIES FOR XMAS.

See my display of

FRUITS
NUTS
CANDIES
HOLLEY

I will be more than pleased to have you come in my store and make your selections.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., OF NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, NOV. 28, 1906.

RESOURCES

Cash on hand		$ 19913 66
Checks and other cash items		971 08
Due from banks and bankers		54262 47
Commercial and other paper purchased		311147 73
Call Loans upon Collateral		1000 00
Time Loans upon Collateral		338100 83
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		115233 29
Investment securities owned, viz:		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.	$103960 51	
Mortgages	4438 17	108107 68
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17443 88
Overdrafts		153 70
		965378 66

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in		200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		40170 15
Deposits, subject to check	$251069 83	
Deposits, special	454148 68	705218 51
		965378 66

State of Pennsylvania, } ss
County of McKean, }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of December, 1906.

(Signed) SHERIDAN GORDON, [Notarial Seal.] Notary Public.
My commission expires February 27, 1909.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN
OSCAR J. HAMLIN, Directors.
JOHN FORREST

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

HOLIDAY HINTS FOR "HER" TO "HIM"

Bring your Christmas troubles here to be solved and find your difficulties melt into insignificance.

There'll be no trouble finding here something pretty, something useful, dainty and applicable to the wants and desires of any man or boy. With this stock before you the question of selecting a suitable gift is an easy problem and then we lend our help and advice when it is desired. Another help is our "guarantee to satisfy" and our willingness to change whatever is not pleasing.

We have prepared a little list, merely mentioning articles, not describing them, for the convenience of the shoppers. In the store we have a grand display of the holiday novelties and a trip through will be a genuine education and the suggestions in full view will smooth the way of a troubled mind.

"You Give to Please if You Give These"

Neckwear
Tin-Hands
Tecks
Bows
Strings
Puffs
Ascot
Imperials

Mufflers
Silk
Wool
Padded
Square
Shaped
Dress Shield

Men's Gloves
Full Dress
Fleeced Lined
Fur Lined
Unlined
Mocha
Wool

Ladies' Gloves
Fleeced Lined
Unlined
Undressed
Silk Lined
Fur Top

Suspender
Each Pair in Fancy Box
Silk
Embroidered
Solid Silver Buckles
Gold Plated Buckles

Handkerchiefs
Linen
Linen Initial
Linen, Fancy Border
White Silk
Fancy Silk
Silk Initial

Hosiery
In fancy boxes
Silk
Lisle
Embroidered
Shaw-Knit
Cashmere
Embroidered Wool

Grips and Suit Cases
Alligator
Walrus
Seal
Zebu Grain
English Oxford
Fitted With Toilet Articles
Woman's Kit Bag

House Coats
Flannels
Fancy Trimmed
Silks
Wool, self-lined
Soft
Wooly
Comfortable

Bath Robes
Plain
Fluffy
Wool
Fancy
Part Wool
Large Patterns
Neat Designs

Toques
Red
White
Tan
Grey
Angora
Wool
Mixed

Umbrellas
Silk
Gloria
Natural Sticks
Carved Sticks
Folding, for Suit Cases

Scarf Pins
Solid Gold
Gold Plated
Solid Silver
Set With Jewels
Carved in Ivory

Sweaters
All Wool
Buster Brown
Open at Neck
High Neck
Blue
Grey
Red
Fancy Mixed

Condensed List
Night Robes
Pajamas
Flannel Shirts
Madras Shirts
Cheviot Shirts
Dress Shirts
Hats
Caps—Cloth and Fur
Rain Coats
Armlets
Underwear
Fancy Vests
Knit Jackets
Athletic Sweaters
Jersey Jackets
Silk Hats
Opera Hats
Steamer Trunks
Hat Boxes
Overcoats

IKE SIMONS'

Big Double Clothing House,

52-54 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Professional Cards

Lawyers.

Gordon & Richmond
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

F. I. Kenyon,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.), situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Northcott,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 107 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 406.

Physician.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Quarantillo, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

C. D. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence Hamilton Block, second door, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Proprietor.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The tables are constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa.
Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliencies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. I. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, Up-to-Date Artist
Smethport, Pa.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.